

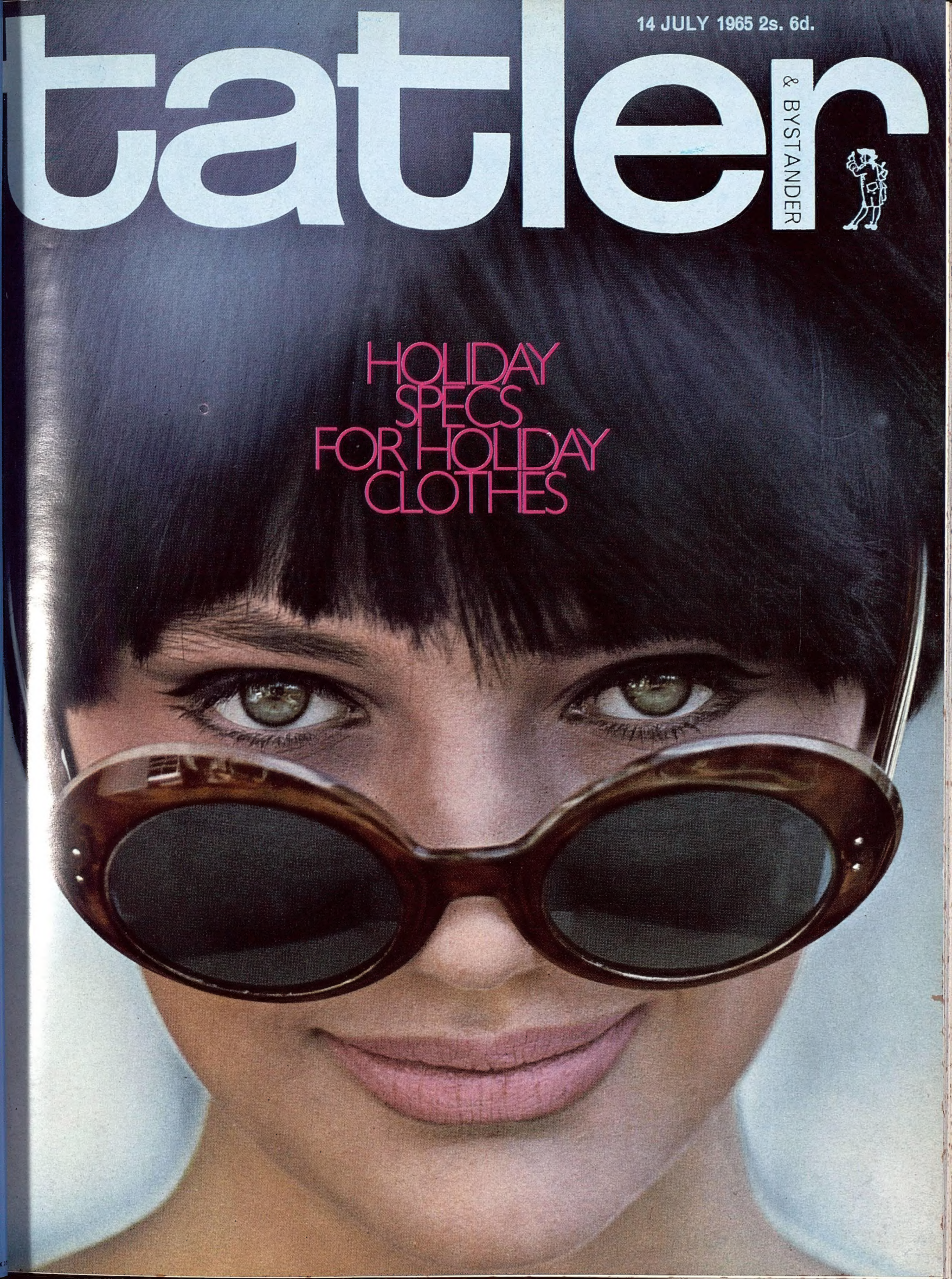
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14 July 1965 2s 6d weekly

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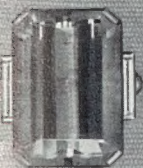
Holiday girl on the cover wears a pair of tortoiseshell-brown sunglasses by Correna, price £1 5s. at Peter Robinson; Rackhams, Birmingham; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Her lipstick is Pink Magic by Yardley. More holiday ideas in *Summer scrapbook*, the fashion section starting on page 74. Counterspy takes a sunny view of London gardens this week, see her rake-up of the problems on page 82. See also page 65 for news of a summer exhibition at the Tate with an appreciation of the art of Giacometti by Robert Wraight. Cover picture by Lidbrooke

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 31 July.

Brighton Antiques Fair, Corn Exchange, Brighton, 16-24 July.

King's School Week, Canterbury, 16-25 July.

International Horse Show, White City, 19-24 July.

Royal International Horse Show Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 22 July. (Details, BEL 6372.)

National Flower Arrangement Festival, Horticultural Halls, Westminster, 21, 22 July.

Goodwood Races, 27-30 July.

Canterbury Cricket Week Ball, Howe Barracks, St. Martin's Hill, 30 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. supper and breakfast, Littlebourne 297.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Doncaster, Yarmouth, today, 15; Carlisle, 15; Ascot Heath, Hamilton Park, York,

16, 17; Wolverhampton, 17; Windsor, 19; Leicester, Ayr, 19, 20; Folkestone, 20; Bath, 21 July.

CRICKET

New Zealand v. Scotland, Glasgow, 15-17 July; **v. Ireland**, Belfast, 19-21 July.

POLO

Cowdray Park, Cowdray Park Gold Cup final, 18 July.

Aldershot Tournament, Queen's Parade grounds, to 16 July.

GOLF

Amateur Championships: **English**, Berkshire, Bagshot, to 17 July; **Welsh**, Royal Porthcawl, 17-24 July; **Scottish**, St. Andrew's, 19-24 July.

YACHTING & REGATTAS

Dun Laoghaire Week Regatta, Dublin, 17-24 July.

Molesey Regatta, 16, 17 July; **Exeter, Lancaster Regattas**, 17 July; **Poole Centenary Regatta**, 17, 18 July.

Household Bde. Y.C. Princess Elizabeth Cup and Queen Victoria Cup, 24 July.

MUSICAL

Royal Albert Hall, Promenade Concerts, 17 July-11 September.

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Sylvia*, tonight; *Dances Concertantes*, *Summer's Night*, *Quintet*, *Hamlet*, 15 July; *Swan Lake*, 17 July, 7.30 p.m. Royal Ballet School: *The Two Pigeons*, *Napoli divertissements*, *Flower Festival at Genzano* pas de deux, 17 July, 2.15 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Moses & Aaron*, 16 July, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. Rostropovich ('cello) with L.S.O., con Rozhdestvensky, 18, 25 July, 1 August, 7.30 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Bolshoi Ballet, Royal Festival

Hall, to 21 August. Mon-Fri, 8 p.m. Sat, 5.30 & 8.30 p.m. With Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (WAT 3191.)

Theatre Royal, Bury St. Edmunds. Yehudi Menuhin & Menuhin Ensemble, 16 July, 8.30 p.m. (PRI 7142.)

Country House Concerts. **Petworth House**, Sussex, Yonty Solomon (piano) & Melos Ensemble, 18 July, 7.30 p.m.; **Claydon House**, Bucks, Rostropovich ('cello), 22 July, 8.30 p.m. (PRI 7142.)

Fenton House, Hampstead, Robin Fairhurst (baritone), Antony Lindsay (piano), 8 p.m., 21 July. (PRI 7142.)

Kenwood Lakeside Concert. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, 8 p.m., 17 July.

Kenwood Sunday Concert. Marisa Robles (harp), 18 July.

Holland Park Court Theatre. Imperial Opera Company in *Faust*, 12-17 July. Weekdays (ex. Weds.) 7.30 p.m. Matinees, Th. & Sat., 2.30 p.m. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Giacometti Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 30 August. (See page 65.)

Léger, paintings, 1918-38. Gimpel Fils, to 14 August.

Morris Louis, Whitechapel Gallery, to 25 July.

Harold Cheesman, watercolours; **David Koster**, lithographs. Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 29 July.

New Artists, Alwin Gallery, Brook St., to 30 July.

FESTIVALS

Cambridge Festival, to 22 July.

Haslemere Festival of Early Music & Instruments, 16-24 July.

King's Lynn Festival, 17-24 July.

Hintlesham Festival, to 1 August.

OPEN AIR

Regent's Park Theatre, As You Like It, to 14 August.

Polesden Lacey, Dorking. *Macbeth*, tonight to 17 July.

Son et Lumière: Southwark Cathedral, to 11 Sept; Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 4 Sept.

EXHIBITIONS

Shakespeare Exhibition, Stratford-on-Avon, to 19 September.

Canadian Way of Life Exhibition, Stanley Park Showground, Blackpool, to 11 Sept.

Kipling Centenary Exhibition, Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, to 31 October.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 3 October.

British Craftsmanship, Design Centre, Haymarket, to 30 August.

SHOWS

Kent County Show, Detling, near Maidstone, today & 15 July.

Liverpool Show, Wavertree, 15-17 July.

Bedfordshire Show, Bedford, 17 July.

Northumberland County Show, Alnwick, 17 July.

Peterborough Show, 20-22 July. (Foxhound Show, 21st.)

Royal Northern Summer Show, Aberdeen, 20, 21 July.

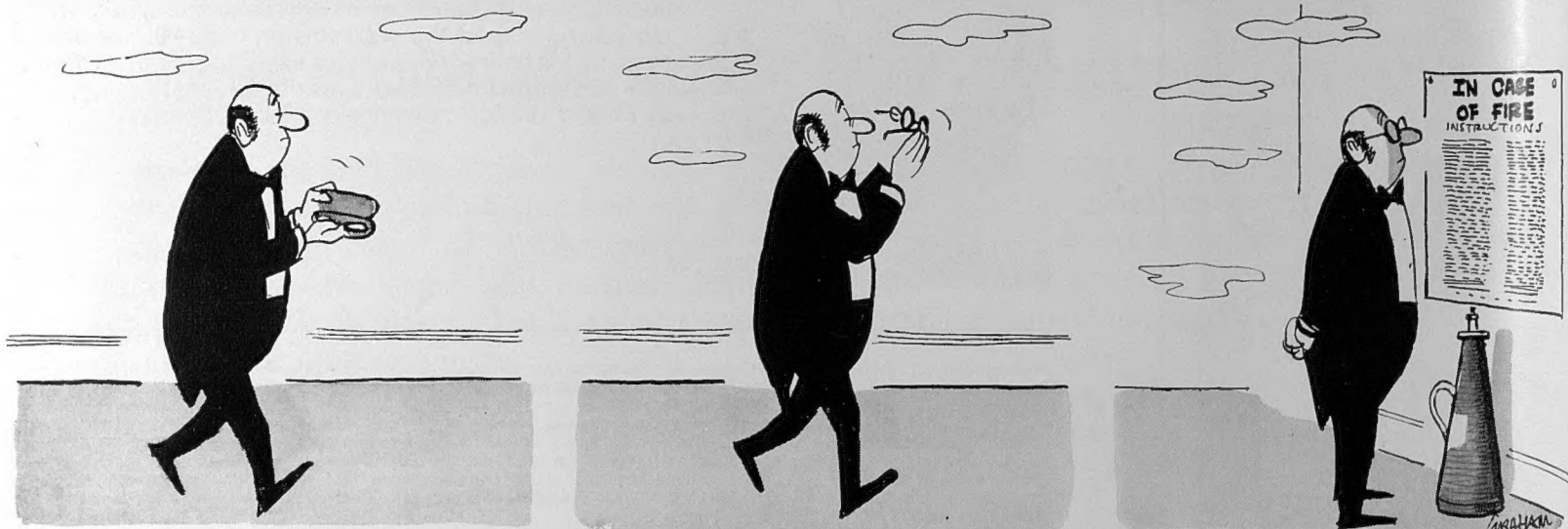
Royal Welsh Show, Llanelli, Breconshire, 20-22 July.

Royal Lancashire Show, Blackpool, 27-29 July.

FIRST NIGHT

Oxford Playhouse. *The Collection/The Dumb Waiter*, 15 July.

BRIGGS by Graham





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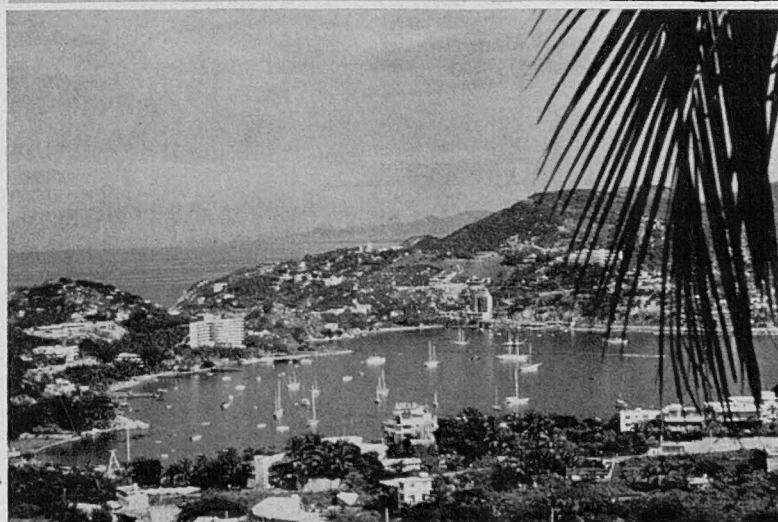
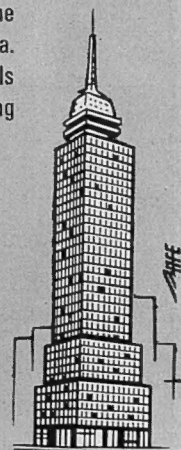
There are numerous flights daily from Europe to Mexico and New York is only 4 ½ hours away from Mexico City.

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Further details can be obtained from your travel agent or:

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Sylvie Nickels / The gentle breeze of change

GOING PLACES

A few weeks ago I was resting on the ruined walls of Ohrid's medieval fortress when a woman leaned out of a nearby first-floor window and invited me up for coffee. Why she did it I never discovered, since my Lilliputian dictionaries are not geared to subtle investigation in Serbo-Croat, but I stayed all evening with the family, sipping Turkish coffee and home-made wine and watching *The Saint* on television with Cyrillic sub-titles. I have an open invitation to spend a holiday with them next year.

This kind of spontaneity from total strangers in cafés, buses or simply in the street occurred so frequently in Macedonia and south Serbia that what had seemed an astonishing incident became almost commonplace. It makes it a wonderfully refreshing region to take a new look at the human race. And there are other attractions.

Ohrid is the kind of place at which Puritans may wrinkle their noses a little, but where inveterate browsers like myself poke and prod with increasing delight. Where else could you look over a wall into someone's backyard and see part of a Roman theatre? At

present it is being used as a rubbish dump, but it will be properly excavated when Ohrid, which has so many other things to do, has enough money. The streets of the old town are tiny and the houses that lean over them were built in Turkish times but are Macedonian in style. Some of them have been beautifully restored; others are in a state of imminent collapse which still does not disguise their intrinsic beauty. They pile up against the hill, looking out over the wide waters of Ohrid lake and the blue mountains that surround it. Those on the far side are in Albania.

Ohrid has as many churches and monasteries as the average English country town has pubs, and there are others, such as Sveti Naum, in the vicinity. Dozens of others dot the landscapes of Macedonia and Serbia. Most of them date from the Middle Ages, but it is not merely their great age and fine state of preservation that make them unique in Europe. The frescoes that cover every square inch of their interior surfaces are of staggering beauty. Scenes from the life of Christ, of the saints, and the deeds of medieval kings glow



as freshly as if they had been unveiled yesterday, their untouchable calm spanning the turbulent centuries of Balkan history.

The settings of these monasteries, in picturesque small towns or alone against some majestic backdrop, are usually superb and, as so many stepping stones across the map of southern Yugoslavia, they provide an admirable theme for an unusual holiday. One or two British tour operators have realized this and devote entire tours to these medieval monasteries. They seem well planned and have the obvious advantage of by-passing any language problems, which in some parts of these Yugoslav backwoods are certain to arise (though a knowledge of French is useful). Nevertheless, the inconvenience of a few language difficulties is amply—sometimes overwhelmingly—compensated by the kind of warmth and hospitality from which one is to a certain extent insulated on an organ-

ABROAD

ized tour. The alternative is to use local buses (seat reservations essential) which are a great source of human interest but which require a certain spirit of endurance; or ideally to travel by car.

Self-drive cars can be hired in Zagreb or Belgrade, from which you can travel along Yugoslavia's best road all the way to Skopje, the Macedonian capital. They can also be hired in Dubrovnik for a more spectacular approach via Kotor, Cetinje and Titograd. Parts of the road are good, but after Titograd it eventually becomes very rough indeed, passing through magnificent mountains to Peć over Čakor. The latter pass is closed for about six months of the year and at the end of April I was caught there for several hours in a snowfall that had everything in common with Lapland—till the clouds lifted to reveal a view of Alpine majesty. Once in Peć, you are in Kosmet (Kosovo and Metohija), the autonomous province of south Serbia largely populated by Shiptars (Albanians). Together with neighbouring Macedonia it provides the bulk of the monastery circuit.

A complete list of monasteries is obtainable from the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, London W.1. Most of the important ones can be visited by following or joining a route from Skopje-Titov Veles-Prilep-Bitola-Ohrid-Debar-Tetovo-Prizren-Dečani-Peć-Priština. Skopje, remembering that some of the most impressive lie a little aside from the route. Road surfaces range from excellent to atrocious and up-to-date conditions should be checked on the spot.

There is at least one hotel in either the A or B category in Peć, Priština, Prizren, Tetovo, Bitola, Dečani, Ohrid and several in Skopje, including the brand new A-class Grand Hotel.

The Macedonian capital itself has a number of historic monuments and two fine monasteries—Nerezi and Nagoričane—can be visited from here. Its claim to world-wide fame, however, is tragic and recent. The broken station building, whose clock hands still point to 5.17, tells the story more eloquently than all the volumes of statis-



PHOTOGRAPHS: SYLVIE NICKELS

The lakeside at Ohrid

tics concerning those horrific seconds of the earthquake on 26 July two years ago, when Skopje shuddered and disintegrated in a pall of dust and concrete. Yet out of the misery was born one of the most inspiring pieces of international unselfishness the modern world has known. The hands and materials of 74 countries and nearly every Yugoslav have contributed to its rebirth, and today it is perhaps the most optimistic city in Europe. As you stand on the hill above Skopje, or drive out to the charmingly rustic Čardak restaurant a few miles out of town, you pass through square mile upon square mile of the new suburbs whose components have come from the four corners of the world.

Every year, Skopje pays tribute to its resuscitation with an international cultural and folkloric Week of Solidarity (this year, 26 July-2 August.) The resilience with which it has recovered from one of the most crippling disasters of the 20th century is a characteristic of Macedonia. Without it, it could not have survived the centuries of Turkish rule and the squabbles of great powers who tore it apart and cared nothing for the bloodshed. With every tragedy and every rejoicing, the Macedonians added to their cultural tradition. Their folkloric groups are probably the finest in Europe. Their costumes are rich, and in the remote fastness of the mountains life has been little touched by the modern age. Now things are changing. Villages are being deserted; there is the insidious pull of town life and a higher wage packet. But the change is still slow, and nothing can alter the mountains, lovely and infinitely serene. Nor the undemanding kindness of the people.

How to get there:

London-Belgrade: By air, £56 4s. excursion fare, £71 5s. tourist class, £97 17s. first class; by surface travel, according to route, £26 17s.-£30 18s. second class, £38 11s.-£46 9s. first class. **Belgrade-Skopje return:** By air, about £6; by rail, about £4 first class. There is an air link Skopje-Ohrid in summer. An alternative route by air in summer would be London-Dubrovnik, changing planes there.



A part of old Skopje, devastated by an earthquake two years ago



Houses lean over the streets in typical Macedonian style in old Ohrid

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John Baker White / Perfect frame for good food

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. Closed Sundays
W.B. Wise to book a table

Connaught Hotel Restaurant
Carlos Place, Open luncheon, and dinner to 11 p.m. (GRO 7070). The polished panelled walls and the display of cold dishes in the passage provide a proper frame for eating the best of British food, married to the best of French wines. On my last visit I had a grilled herring, one of the best fish in the world when properly cooked, followed by perfectly cooked roast pork off the trolley. I finished with the tenderest of young rhubarb with baked custard. In short, an English meal exactly as it should be. There are, of course, many French and other non-British dishes on the large *à la carte* menu, and it is certainly one of the restaurants in which it is worthwhile ordering your meal in advance. W.B.

Oasis in the desert

Complaints that the New Forest area is something of a gastronomic desert should be diminished by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu running as a hotel **The Master Builder's House** at Buckler's Hard, cradle of many of the frigates of Nelson's time and now a favourite mooring for yachtsmen. The chef is David Hicks, until recently head chef on board the *Queen Elizabeth*. Henry Adams, the master builder of many gallant fighting ships, lived in this house to the ripe old age of 92 and died in 1805. It is perhaps suitable that this house should be once again the scene of festivity, for launchings were always a party occasion. When *Illustrious* was launched in 1789 "a great concourse of very genteel people assembled on the occasion, about 150 of whom stayed to dinner, and the day was spent with great conviviality."

A meal to remember

Date: 18 May, 1965.

Place: The Garden Room, Ebury Court Hotel, London.

Host: John Baker White to seven friends.

Chef: Patrick O'Connor.

The meal: Pâté Maison.

Filet de Boeuf Delagrange with spring vegetables and a green salad. Cold Lemon Soufflé. Coffee.

Wines: A white Beaujolais,

Château de Châtelard; A red Bordeaux, Calon Ségur 1959.

This meal, designed by Mrs. Topham, who with her husband runs this hotel, was distinguished not only by the high quality of the cooking but also by its balance and lightness. The same applies to the wines. The whole was a stimulant to witty conversation, not post-prandial slumber.

Wine note:

Drink it young

Harveys of Bristol have shipped and bottled a 1964 Beaujolais *vin de l'année*—believed to be the first such young wine to be marketed in quantity in Britain by a major shipper. The wine, less than a year old, is now being sold by Harveys for 10s. a bottle. The decision takes account for the first time in this country of the popularity of these fresh young wines in France.

Mr. Harry Waugh, a Harvey director and one of the leading table wine authorities, decided some months ago to introduce a *vin de l'année* to the British market. He said: "In the bistros throughout France, but more particularly in Paris, people begin to drink the *vin*

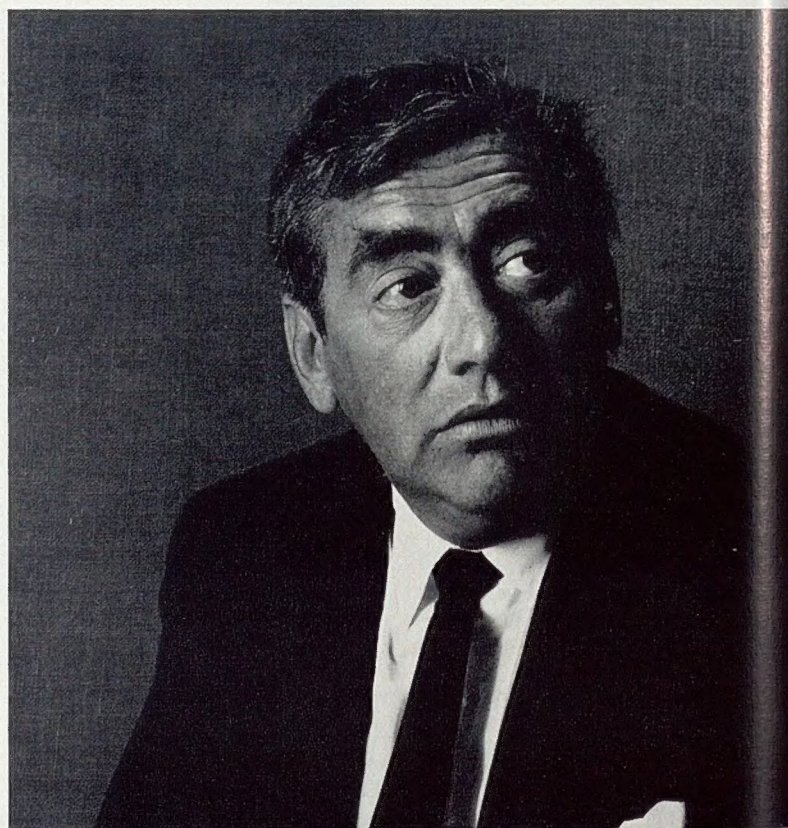
de l'année from about December onwards.

"The *vin de l'année* is the wine of the current vintage, and in so far as Beaujolais is concerned it is usually a special wine, fresh from the cask, intended for quick consumption.

"The 1964 vintage is a case in point. While I was buying the new vintage in Beaujolais at the end of last year, I was told the best time for bottling our own wine would be in April. In accordance with this advice our 1964 Beaujolais was shipped and bottled at the right time and is now ready for consumption."

... and a reminder

The Albany Restaurant, White House, Regent's Park. (EUS 1200.) Outstanding cooking, mainly French, allied to a wine list of notable quality and often most reasonable prices. Pleasant decor and amusing company.
Jardin des Gourmets, 5 Greek Street. (GER 1816.) Remains one of the best small restaurants in London for high quality imaginative French cooking, and again a fine wine list.



After radio, television, films and stage work, Tony Hancock is now making his first cabaret appearance at *The Talk of the Town*

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A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands and her German fiancé, Herr Claus von Amsberg (*above*) by the lake at Soestdijk, Queen Juliana's favourite palace, after the announcement of their engagement. The Dutch royal family (*top*) gave four interviews—to the Dutch press, the foreign press, Dutch television and British television—in a frank effort to win the approval of the Dutch people. Facing a barrage of searching personal questions, Herr von Amsberg talked about his early record as a member of the

Hitler Jugend and a Wehrmacht soldier, and the Princess spoke of the constitutional issues that might possibly be involved in the face of continued opposition from the Dutch people. Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard—Princess Beatrix's German father—indicated their personal approval of the match. After the interviews the 27-year-old Princess and her 38-year-old fiancé left Soestdijk Palace to cheers from the younger contingent among the crowd, but in royalist Amsterdam public animosity had not thawed

Australia's big night

Australians Miss Margaret Smith, winner of the women's singles title, and Mr. Roy Emerson, men's singles winner, were among the

guests at Grosvenor House for the ball given by the Lawn Tennis Association which traditionally marks the end of Wimbledon

A speech from Miss Margaret Smith who defeated Miss Maria Bueno in a hard-fought final . . .



. . . and one from Mr. Roy Emerson who defeated fellow-countryman Fred Stolle for the men's singles title



Runner-up in the women's singles, Miss Maria Bueno of Brazil with Mr. Harald Elschenbroich of Germany



Mlle Maylis Burel and Mlle Françoise Durr from France. Mlle Durr, partnered by Mlle Liefbrig, reached the final of the women's doubles

Holland to Henley

By Muriel Bowen

Even if 27-year-old Princess Beatrix has taken Holland to the brink of constitutional crisis because of her decision to marry a former member of the Hitler Youth, Herr Claus von Amsberg, there can be nothing but admiration for the good humour and commonsense she brought to handling her hour long, televised press conference. This took place at Soestdijk Palace, the home of her mother. (See picture on page 57.)

Princess Beatrix alternated between laughter and seriousness as she talked of her future husband. She spoke in four different languages, and was fluent in three of them. The questions tumbled out. Some were unparliamentary to say the least. When royalty decides to get married the privacy appears to get less and less.

PREPARED FOR HOSTILITY

The Princess's assurance, commonsense, and charm, amazed even hardened reporters. Didn't she realise that her engagement would create fuss? "We were prepared for hostility. In fact we feel glad that people express their feelings. But we felt that it was up to us to build our own lives."

Herr von Amsberg, a West German diplomat, is clearly not the man her parents would have chosen. But then rebellious daughters are very much "in". It is hard to think of a girl nowadays who does marry the man her parents have chosen.

After her marriage the Princess will continue to live at her official home, Drakesteyn Castle which is set in wooded countryside near Utrecht. Her husband will get an annuity of £30,000 which is exactly similar to his wife's allowance. The clever Dutch have thought that one out well.

TEA FOR CORINTHIANS

There is no more perfect get away from the London Season than Henley Royal Regatta with its swift and slim boats, its expensively fit young men, and the battalions of boaters worn by both sexes.

Rowing parlance comes thick and fast. "Not too good at Fawley," said a gorgeously chic young girl sprawled on the grass in a voile dress. "The stroke at the mile is what matters," retorted her companion.

The colourful attachments make Henley. The flowers at the peak of condition in the well-placed flower beds; the bands; the men in those Leander pink caps and their trousers, an inch or two shorter than Savile Row would dictate, to show off their pink socks.

Henley has none of the awful vulgarity of Ascot. Even the signs for tea are Corinthian columns of white, blue and gold.

THE HENLEY PICTURE

The people, like the place, ooze personality. There was Mr. HAROLD RICKETT, the chairman of the Committee of Management, looking marvellously pleased as he paced the lawns of near billiard table green.

PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO and her brother

JACK, looking as fit as when he won the Diamonds in 1949, were there to see the race of the week when Ratzeburger Club of Germany beat Olympic champions Vesper of America. There was Mr. "GULLY" NICKALLS, Leander's President, whom I saw tuck into the strawberries showing that rowing men could be human after all. All the rowing jargon that fills the air makes one doubt it sometimes.

Who else was there? Mr. & Mrs. "CHIPPY" HILLMAN from Detroit ("our 18th Henley"), Mr. GUY MORGAN, Mr. & Mrs. SINCLAIR NICHOLLS, the Bishop of Chester about to board a launch called Enchantress, Miss CAROLINE WRIGHTSON, Mr. & Mrs. D. H. MAYS-SMITH (they had the party of the week), the Hon. Mrs. SHERMAN STONOR, SIR RICHARD NUGENT M.P. (being pointed out as 'one of the Thames Conservatory people') & LADY NUGENT and Mr. & Mrs. GEOFFREY CROSS.

Henley is such an extraordinary mixture. There is discreet television on the lawn so that you can watch it over coffee, and a timing system for the racing that is supposed to be the most up to date in the world. In contrast and no less fascinating are the old weather beaten men in peaked caps and rowing club blazers discoursing on the splash and feather of well-tuned oars. Henley is not just pretty girls, strawberries and punts though all of these add to its charm.

THE VIBRANT IRISH

There was dancing on the mosaic terrace above the fountains when the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs was held at Powerscourt in Ireland. (See pictures overleaf). This was an impromptu performance by some of the leading lights of the French ballet. The time 4.10 a.m. with the sun rising over the distant Wicklow mountains.

Guests of honour were PRINCE RAINIER &

PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO who were being ushered through the crowds—there was no shortage of people to pay 15 gns for their tickets—by a perspiring LORD KILLANIN who is honorary consul for Monaco in Dublin.

It is only the second time that the ball has been held outside France and LADY GOULDING's remedial clinic will share the expected profit of £10,000 with a French charity. Mr. FRANK AITKEN, the Irish Minister for External Affairs & Mrs. AITKEN headed a very large Irish contingent.

Only one thing went a bit awry, the 600 bottles of champagne. A well wisher in France had sent it care of the French Ambassador, M. ROGER DU GARDIER. It was thought that in this way the Customs Duty of £200 would be avoided. But once the story had appeared in the Press there was nothing the Ambassador could do—a gift of that size was bound to be questioned by the Customs anyway—and the organizers paid up £200.

For the many guests from France, including designer PIERRE CARDIN, Powerscourt, the home of Mr. & Mrs. RALPH SLAZENGER, could scarcely have been a better introduction to Irish country life. The house has magnificently proportioned rooms, hung with quite the most gleaming armour I have ever seen. The gardens are beautifully terraced and the famous Sugar Loaf mountain rises in the far distance.

When the Irish heard that there were to be so many visitors from abroad they turned it into a week-end of parties. For some it was a continuous Friday to Monday party with just a nap after breakfast. There was picnic lunch on the shores of Lough Tay, and "rustic dinner" at Cloughran Stud Farm.

At the end of it all the foreigners were jaded and the Irish just wished they could begin all over again.



Bar stools bolted to a landing stage made seats for spectators at the Henley Royal Regatta

A Princess at the Ball

Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco were among the 800 guests who danced at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs, the big French

charity ball held this year at Powerscourt House, the home near Dublin of Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Slazenger

Prince Rainier and Princess Grace arriving for the ball



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Guests from France, the Comte and Comtesse de Gasteja



Lord and Lady de Freyne

Baronne Renee Seilliere, left, president of the French ball committee, and the Hon. Lady Goulding, president of the Central Remedial Clinic, one of the charities which benefited from the ball



The Comtesse d'Aillières



Mrs. Aileen Plunket who lives at Luttrellstown Castle



Mlle. Henrietta Bentinck van Schoonheten, daughter of the Dutch Ambassador in Paris



Mrs. Ralph Slazenger and Mr. Frank Aiken, the Irish Minister for External Affairs



Lady Antonia Wardell, president of the Conquer Cancer Campaign, another of the benefiting charities, and Sir Basil Goulding, the prominent Irish businessman and authority on modern Irish painting

A wedding in Chester Square

Miss Susan Jean Douglas, only daughter of Lord & Lady Cecil Douglas, of Chesham Street, S.W.1, was married to Baron Joachim Botho von Bose, elder son of Baron Hasso von Bose of Cologne, and of Baroness Juliane von Koch, of

Wuppertal. The ceremony took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, and the bride was attended by seven child bridesmaids. A reception was held at the Dorchester and the honeymoon is being spent abroad

The bride and bridegroom with Miss Pandora Newby and Baroness Cornelia von Koch, two of the child bridesmaids



Mr. & Mrs. Richard Boxall



Mr. Derek Strauss, who was best man, with Miss Carola Nielson



Bridesmaids Baroness Sylvia von Koch and Lady Emma Douglas admire the three tiered wedding cake



Mrs. David Davenport, whose daughter Sara was a bridesmaid

A family affair

The fourth Mother & Daughter Luncheon, in aid of the National Fund for Research into Poliomyelitis and Other Crippling Diseases, was held at the Savoy under the

presidency of Lady Harlech. Guest speakers were Miss Anona Winn, Miss Moira Lister and Mr. Frank Phillips

Mrs. George Yates and her debutante daughter Miss Fenella Yates, and debutante Miss Denise Yates with her mother Mrs. E. R. Yates

Viscountess Cranley, vice chairman of the luncheon, and Lady Harlech, the president



Viscomtesse d'Orthez (actress Moira Lister), who was one of the speakers



Miss Clare Russell with her mother, Lady (Charles) Russell



Lady Frances Bernard and her mother Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, who was joint-chairman of the luncheon



At the Anglo-Swedish Society Ball given on the occasion of the visit by three destroyers of the Royal Swedish Navy to England: the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir David Luce, and Lady Luce with the Swedish Ambassador, Mr. Gunnar Hägglöf



Princess Margaretha of Sweden and her husband Mr. John Ambler were among the guests of honour



Miss Beryl Grey, the ballerina, with her husband Dr. S. G. Svenson

Letter from Scotland by Jessie Palmer

A cricket match recently made history in Scotland. It was played between the Highland Brigade Club and the Household Brigade Club at Grange Cricket Grounds, Edinburgh, and it was the first recorded game of these two sides in Scotland. Major D. F. Callander, honorary secretary of the Highland Brigade Club, told me that it had been very difficult to raise a side as no battalion of the Highland Brigade is at present in Britain. Nevertheless, the Highland Brigade won by six wickets.

Among those playing for the winning side were Lt.-Col. Malcolm Wolfe Murray of Glentworth, Peeblesshire, Sir David Montgomery, Bt., of Loch Leven, Captain Timothy Usher of the Black Watch—who took four wickets for 58 runs—and Major James Barber, who is the son of a former G.O.C.-in-C. Scotland, and at present serving with H.Q. Scottish Command. There were only two non-serving soldiers in the Household Brigade side. Players included Mr. Derek Forbes, of Falkirk, whose old home, Callander House, may some day be the basis of another Scottish university; Mr. Alec. M. Rankin, of Highfield House, Kirkcaldy; Major Douglas Prior who was formerly with Scottish Command and is now with the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards; and Major John Arthur, the honorary secretary of the Household Brigade Cricket Club.

After the game the pipes and drums of the Scots Guards beat Retreat and this was followed by a cocktail party in the cricket pavilion. Mrs. Callander was responsible for organizing the flower decorations and very effective they looked. Among the guests were Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Gordon Lennox, G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command; Lt.-Col. George Elsmie and his daughter; Brigadier A. Maclean and his wife and daughter, the Hon. Jacqueline Grant; and the Chief of Staff, Scottish Command, Brigadier E. Snowball and Mrs. Snowball who brought two friends from Greece.

Double asset

When Scotland's new university at Stirling opens it will have the asset not only of a brilliant young scientist, Professor T. L. Cottrell, as its principal, but of a warm, friendly and very human person in the principal's wife.

Mrs. Cottrell quite evidently and genuinely loves people. She used to be keen on amateur dramatics, she tells me, but a family of two young sons leaves her no time for acting nowadays. Her other erstwhile recreation—tennis—has gone by the board in favour of sailing which the whole family enjoys. In fact, Professor Cottrell, who has the Chair of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh, is Commodore of the University Yacht Club. The Cottrells them-

selves sail a Dragon and last year they were members of the Scottish sailing team that went to Cannes for the Festival of Scotland.

Their elder son, who is 12, is at present more interested in motor cars, Mrs. Cottrell says, but the nine-year-old is very good at sailing. The two boys are at George Watson's Boys' College, their father's old school, and Mrs. Cottrell says they will probably be there for a year or two yet.

The Cottrells' other great enthusiasm is looking at—and collecting—paintings. "Fortunately we both like the same kind of things," Mrs. Cottrell says. Their tastes cover both traditional and modern work and, in fact, Mrs. Cottrell tells me that her greatest ambition is to have "a Renoir above my mantelpiece." Both Professor & Mrs. Cottrell used to paint themselves. "It was very amateur," says Mrs. Cottrell modestly. But the family and their interest in sailing has put paid to painting—for the time being anyway.

A walk in the mountains

Lady McEwan Younger of Edinburgh was one of only two women in a party that recently walked from the top of the Cairngorm chairlift to the Shelter Stone and back to inaugurate a new guide service for tourists in the mountains. "We were all 50 or over," Lady Younger told me, "but, no, it wasn't really a very stout effort. I enjoyed it very much and I shall probably do it again." Lady Younger told me that the walk took about four hours. Her husband, Sir William McEwan Younger, Bt., who has an interest in the Aviemore Project, was also a member of the party and was presented with a shepherd's crook by Major Scott, chairman of the Cairngorm Winter Sports Development Board. "Why a shepherd's crook?" I wondered. "I really don't know what the significance of it was," said Lady Younger.

Lady Younger is very insistent about the value of this new tourist guide service. It is, she tells me, a summer service for walkers. The guides are experts drawn from the staff of the Cairngorm chairlift and anyone can have one simply by getting in touch with the chairlift and asking for a guide for a hill climb. "People should realize what it is like on the top," Lady Younger said. "It is very bleak indeed, and it goes on for miles. If people get lost up there they are in real trouble. Before the ski lift was installed the people who were capable of getting to the top probably knew something about the conditions, she said. Now anyone can get to the top and it is very important that they should know what they are doing and also that they should be properly clad.

A high-contrast, black and white portrait of a man, likely a historical figure, shown from the chest up. He has dark, wavy hair and a full beard and mustache. He is looking down and slightly to his left. He is wearing a light-colored shirt with a dark collar. The background is dark and textured.

THE GIACOMETTI ENIGMA

Currently at the Tate Gallery the faithful and the curious are thronging to see the skeletal shapes in the Giacometti Exhibition. Robert Wraight supplies an appraisal of the art of the sculptor. Pictures by Romano Cagnoni

about his work is as enigmatic as the work itself: "One must create a vision and not merely something that one knows exists . . . try to convey as near as possible one's own vision of reality . . . the unknown is reality and vice versa . . ."

But sometimes he makes a statement that, in a few words, throws a strong, clear light on both the paintings and the sculptures. He aims "to give the nearest possible sensation to that felt at the sight of the subject." He knows that it is "a quest without end," that the sensation is fugitive and that he deludes himself that he can trap it in bronze. "I have the impression, or the illusion, that I make progress from day to day. It is this which makes me go on. As if one ought ultimately to understand the secret of life and one continues, knowing the more one approaches the centre the more it moves away."

Does he delude himself, though? Recently, at the Fondation Maeght, I stood on a balcony looking down on the Giacometti Courtyard where visitors mingled with some of the artist's larger bronze figures, including the life-size *Man Walking* which, even from that angle, conveyed the *sensation* of a man walking far more convincingly than did the real men who were walking round it. Later I photographed the sculpture at ground level with a man walking past it. I have the photograph in front of me now. It shows a bronze

figure that walks like a man and a man who looks like a wax figure in a ridiculous pose.

"The more one draws near the more the thing recedes"—that, too, is literally translated in the sculptures. Looking at them closely one is conscious not only of each figure's bizarre attenuation but also of the vigorous, non-realistic treatment of the bronze surface. But at a short distance light playing on the broken surface animates the air or the space immediately around the rigid "skeleton," increasing its apparent volume and endowing it with an uncanny quality of "presence."

Opposite page, top: the walls of Giacometti's studio serve the purpose of a sketch book, the skeletal figures in the foreground are models of recent works. Many of the portrait busts (far right) are studies of the artist's wife, Mme. Annette Giacometti, and of his brother and assistant Diego. Bottom left: entrance to the courtyard where Giacometti has lived since the 1920s, his studio and living room are to the left. The artist has never believed in changing his style of life from the days when he was poor and unknown. Bottom right: Mme. Giacometti with a new sculpture. Below: on the studio table, palette, brushes, sculptor's knives as well as unfinished clay models of the heads and diminutive figures on which Giacometti often works for weeks

I have never met Alberto Giacometti but, by all accounts, the man is as strange as his work. Tall, gaunt and almost as thin as his sculptures he leads a life as lonely and as self-contained as theirs. That he is immensely successful by worldly standards (medium-size paintings and bronzes sell at around £10,000) seems to mean nothing to him. He occupies the same small studio in Paris that he had in 1927, when he was 26 and unknown. His day begins with breakfast of black coffee in a café at about the time when everyone else in Paris has just finished lunch. Then he works for a few hours before going out for lunch at the time when everyone else is having an *apéritif*. Another few hours work and it is midnight, time for dinner, usually at the same Montparnasse restaurant. After that even Paris begins to grow quiet and he goes home to work undisturbed until dawn.

Art has been his life for as long as he can remember. The son of Giovanni Giacometti, a leading Swiss painter of his time, Alberto began to paint and model seriously at home in Stampa when he was 13. At 18 he went briefly to art school in Geneva and then had nine months in Italy. His work at this time showed no great originality and he combined painting in the pointilliste manner with his essays in sculpture. But when he arrived in Paris in 1922 it was to work at sculpture from life under Bourdelle. Three years later he began to produce a series of Cubist-influenced sculptures that occupied him for several years, but in 1930 he joined the Surrealists, exhibited his work with them and wrote poems and articles for their publications.

It was not until the 1940s that the skeletal figures, for which he is now best known, began to evolve. Up to 1944, he has said, he *saw* people in their natural size, but after that they began to get smaller and smaller. Paradoxically, between 1940 and 1944 he had been making tiny heads and figures, and these gave way in 1945 to the larger works of his mature style. Almost everything he says





Young children by the sea

The bucket and spade seaside has too strong a hold on the enthusiasm of the very young for even the occasional rigours of an English July to damp it. In any case retrospective summer holidays are always golden. Betty Swaebe captured the spirit of the thing in this series of pictures taken at Frinton

1. Charlotte, 7-year-old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Trevor Micklem of Hertfordshire
2. Francine (4) and Philippa (4 months), the daughters of Mr. & Mrs. David Heimann of Park Street, Mayfair
3. Eugenie, 4-year-old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Mark Romer, and Arabella, 5-year-old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Trevor Micklem
4. Andrew, 2-year-old son of Major & Mrs. M. G. Colin, and Alexander, 22-month-old son of Major & Mrs. Ian Cameron
5. David, 2-year-old son of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Harvey
6. Pia (4), Emmanuel (1) and Francois (3), the children of Comte & Comtesse de Brantes, of Paris
7. Timothy, 3-year-old son of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Powell, of East Bergholt, Suffolk





NO TIME FOR STARS

The road to stardom is a six-lane highway with no speed limit and few traffic laws. Billy Wilder once prefaced a film scenario with the instruction that it be taken "at 120 mph on the straight and 100 on the curves". His advice was aimed specifically at the director, but it is also indicative of the pace at which many showbusiness personalities lead their own professional lives. Chances are you will find them doing several jobs concurrently. Crispian Woodgate found three of the busiest and photographed them working under the pressure they find most stimulating

Above right and far right: Ray Galton (with beard) and Alan Simpson appear to work leisurely. They sit in their huge office off the Bayswater Road, joking, talking and typing the occasional few lines. Yet from these outwardly casual conversations stem the characters and comedy ideas that have made them prominent in the ranks of British scriptwriters. They met in a tuberculosis sanatorium in 1947 when they discussed the possibility of writing professionally. Their scripts have bolstered comedians like Derek Roy and Frankie Howerd in radio series and launched others like Tony Hancock and Harry H. Corbett. Steptoe, a character created for a single *Comedy Playhouse* episode, was developed into a long-running series that won them the Screenwriters' Guild Award in 1963. Now they are dividing their time between a new series of *Steptoe & Son*—seven programmes for BBC-TV planned for the autumn—a Joe Levine film tentatively called *The Spy With the Cold Nose*, and a stage revue for Frankie Howerd

Right and far right: When these photographs were taken Laurence Harvey was filming in John Schlesinger's *Darling* by day and playing King Arthur at Drury Lane in *Camelot* by night. When Paul Daneman took over *Camelot* there was no relaxation for Harvey who went straight into rehearsal for *Life at the Top* in which he again plays Joe Lampton, the character he created on the screen in the film of John Braine's original *Room at the Top*. Harvey recently produced, directed and starred in his own film *The Ceremony*, made in Spain, and starred in the re-make of Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* with Kim Novak







Since her regular spots in *That Was the Week That Was* brought her firmly into the public eye, Millicent Martin's diary of engagements has been full. During the time she was playing Tweeney in *Our Man Crichton* she was also taping programmes for her ATV series *Mainly Millicent*. Now a new six-week series is planned and Millicent is rehearsing for Ned Sherrin's TV spectacular *The Long Cocktail Party*. Next month she starts filming *Alfie* with Michael Caine and Shelley Winters. Her first major role, in *Nothing But The Best*, won her the Variety Club's award for the best film actress of the year





SUMMER SCRAPBOOK

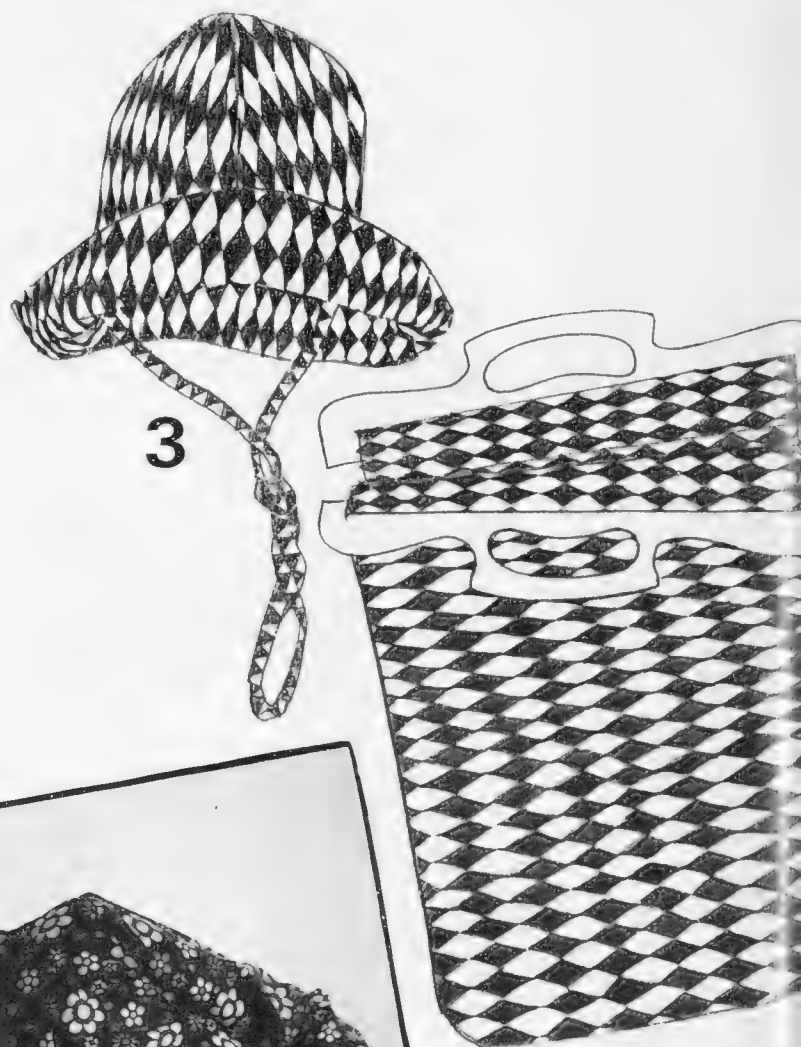
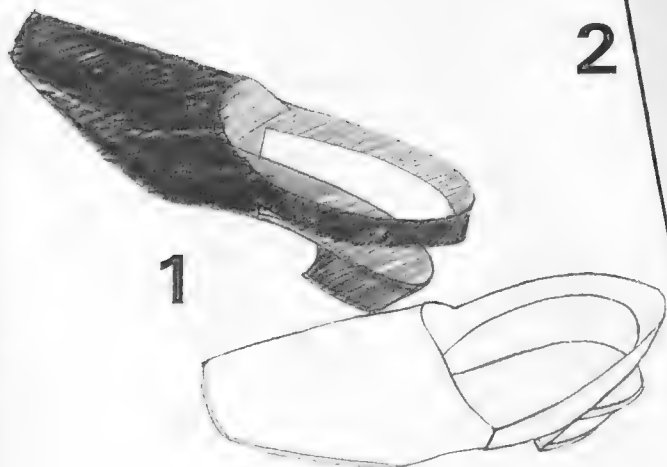
Fashion by Unity Barnes. Lots of ideas, some large, some small, mostly from the many new, young, lively boutiques that keep mushrooming up all over the place, chosen to fill gaps in a holiday suitcase, or just to enliven the late summer doldrums. Photographs by John Young. Drawings by Julian Allen.

1. One style, two shoes: in black patent or white buckskin, £5 19s. 6d. By Walter Steiger at the Bally Boutique, 132 King's Road, and Bally, 116 New Bond Street.

2. Print mania: orange and lemon flowers on black cotton make a trouser suit, hat and leather-bound bag; there's a hipster skirt to match, too. Jacket £3 10s., trousers £3, skirt £2 9s. 11d., hat £1 5s., and bag £1 15s., all from The Shop, 47 Radnor Walk, S.W.3. Black patent sandals, £2 19s. 11d. at Lotus, New Bond Street.

3. Outsize beach bag, wooden-handled £1 17s. 6d. and hat, 19s. 6d., in black and beige cotton print. From Biba, 87 Abingdon Road, W.8.

Opposite page: Transparently cool blouse for hot summer days, in pin-tucked white cotton lawn and cobwebby insertion lace. 10 gns. at Mexicana, 89 Lower Sloane Street.





SUMMER SCRAPBOOK

1. White wool cardigan printed all over with big blue carnations. By Eva Fisher of London, 13½ gns. at Harrods; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Nola, Chester.

2. Fun sweater airily crocheted in black string with a red and white target centre. 5 gns. at The Shop, 47 Radnor Walk, S.W.3.

3. Hipster skirt in butcher's-apron striped drill, red-belted. £2 9s. 6d. at Boys, 24 Brompton Road.

4. Casual beach dress in green, white and brown striped drill, £2 19s. 6d. Striped headscarf, 6s. 6d. At Boys, 24 Brompton Road.

Opposite page: Long scarlet poplin overblouse with big scallops around the hem, worn with a short flouncy skirt in scarlet and white gingham. 9 gns. at Must Boutique, 176 Kensington Church Street

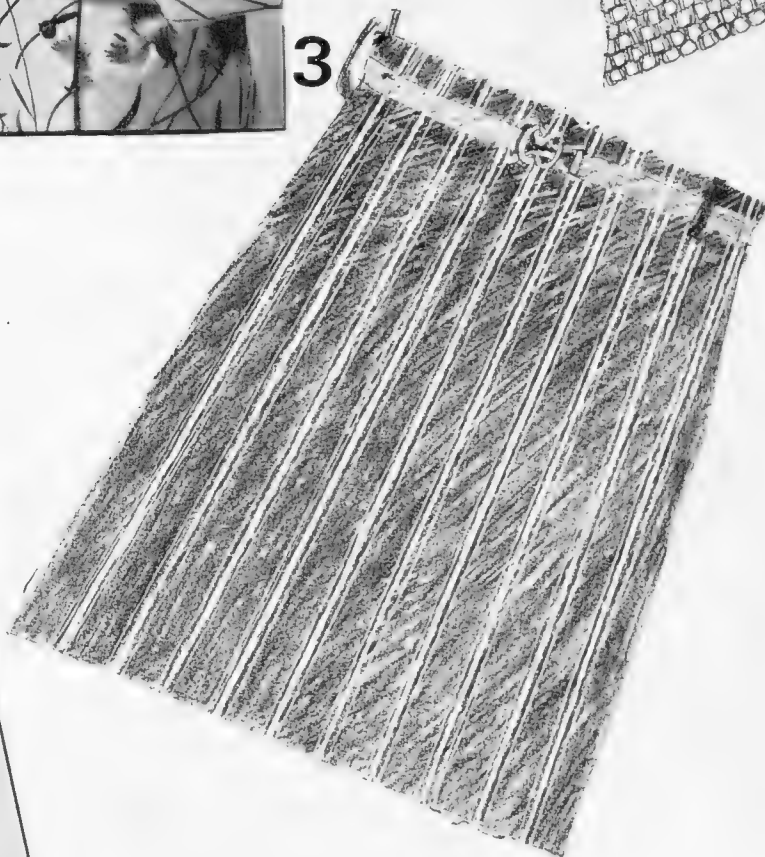
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SUMMER SCRAPBOOK

1. Swimsuit in two halves; blue denim pants, white-striped top, both laced with scarlet. By Rose Marie Reid, 11 gns. from the Carole Austen Boutique at Carita, 44 Sloane Street.

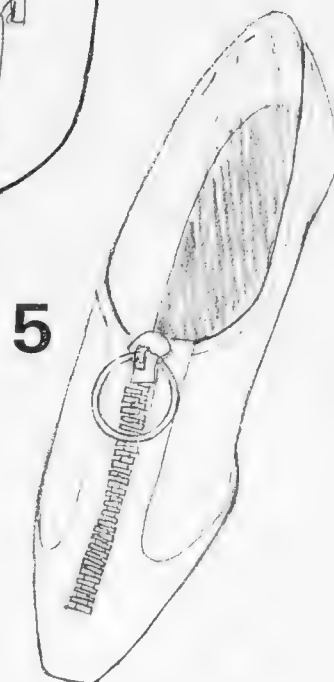
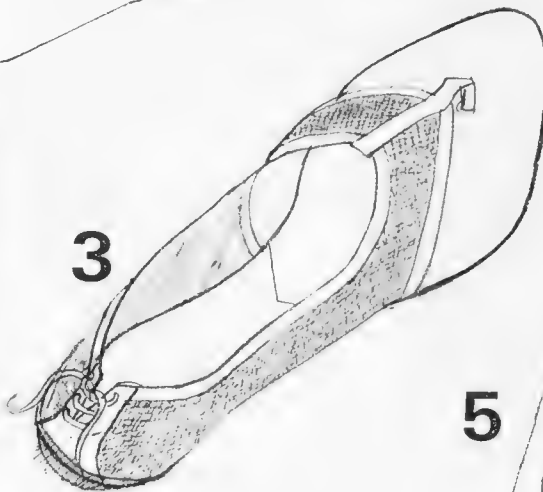
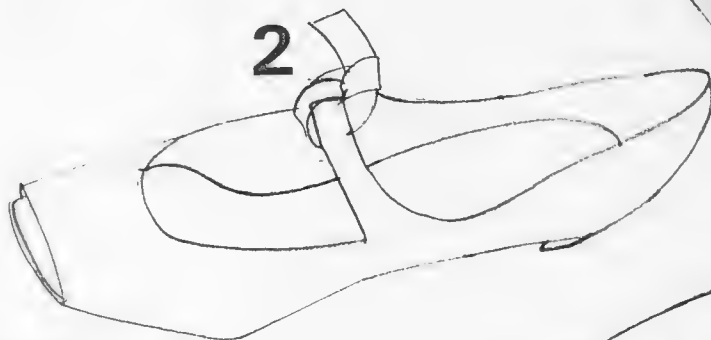
2. Courrèges-minded shoe, open-toed, in beige nubuck, 6 gns. By Giusti at Lotus Boutique, 43 New Bond Street.

3. Blonde canvas and leather sandal, back-laced. £2 15s. 11d. at Elliott Narrow Fitting Shops, Knightsbridge and New Bond Street.

4. Pale pink broderie-anglaise mob cap banded with deep pink silk jersey. £1 10s. at Maxine Leighton Boutique, Hampstead.

5. Natural canvas and leather zip-up shoe. By Moya, about £5 from Biba, 87 Abingdon Road, W.8.

Opposite page: Printed swimsuit from Italy, printed in strong, tropical colours, is partnered by a towel in the self-same print. Swimsuit 13 gns., towel 11 gns. at Nicholas Boutique, 38 Conduit Street.





SUMMER SCRAPBOOK

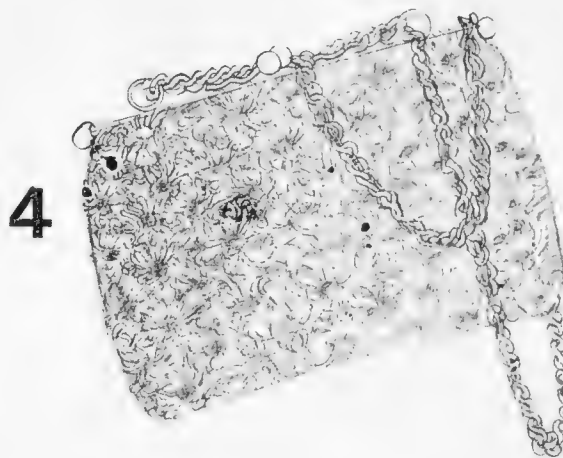
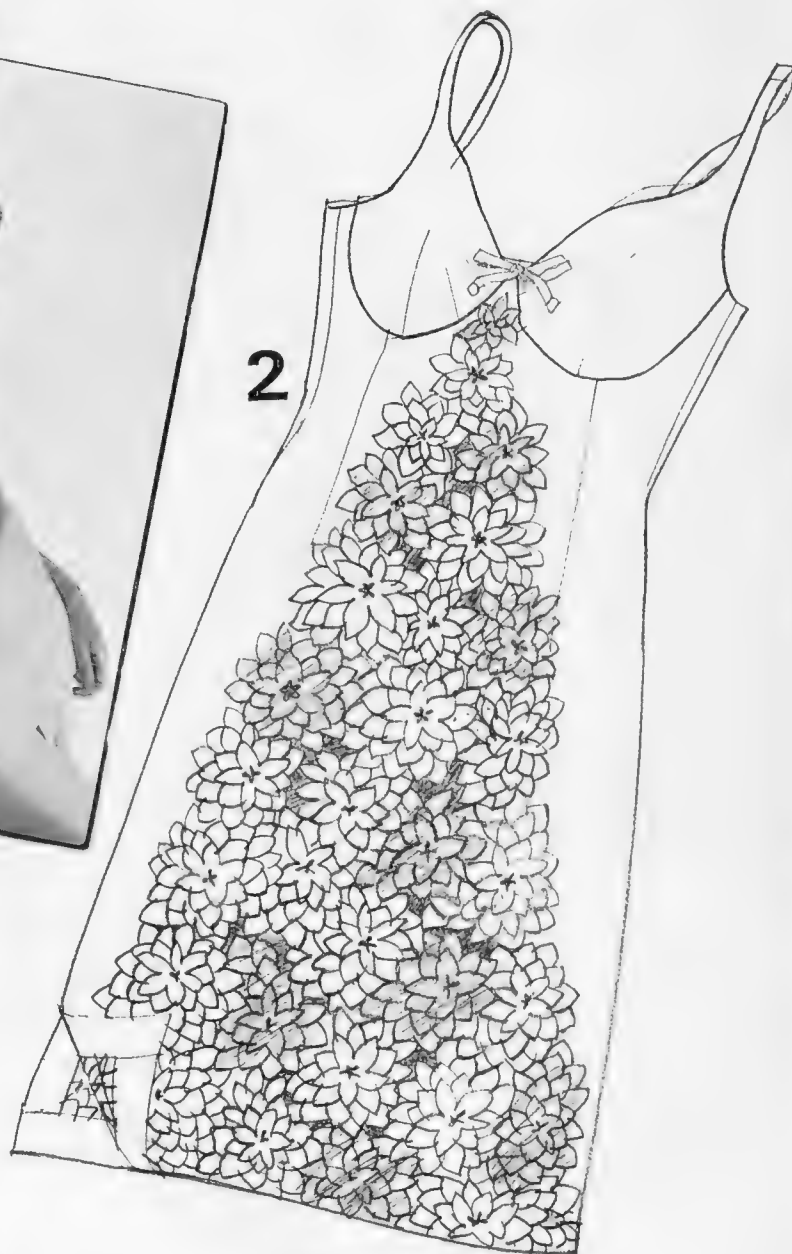
1. Lettuce green wild silk trousers and narrow top with link button fastening. 33 gns. at The House of Auberne, 75 New Bond Street.

2. Grass green stretch Helanca sun dress with bright pink flowers printed up the front. From Italy, 17 gns. at Nicholas Boutique, 38 Conduit Street.

3. Pack-away dress of looped rayon jersey, silk-sheened, in green and navy stripes. 8½ gns. at Top Gear, 135 Kings Road, S.W.3.

4. Pink cotton crochet bag with long gilt chain, 6½ gns. at Maxine Leighton Boutique, Hampstead.

Opposite page: Black and white linen shift in a crazy-paving print, reversed from positive to negative on the skirt. 12 gns. at Tony Armstrong, 109 Walton Street.







A RAKE UP OF THE GARDENING PROBLEM (IN LONDON)

terspy by Angela Ince.

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS, LTD., with branches at 80 Victoria Street, S.W.1, Cannon Street, E.C.4, 129 High Holborn, W.C.1

A London representative who will call on your garden and advise you as to what plants are most likely to succeed there. Their branches stock, or are able to supply, plants of particular interest to town gardens; including paving and wall plants. Carters supply plants in plant or seed form, and find they are becoming more and more popular for town gardens. Also popular is a heather carpet, which once planted is guaranteed to spread and flower constantly, and smother weeds. Each of the best 20 varieties, 90s.

SEA GARDENS, 287 Brompton Road, S.W.1. KNI 2543

er flowers to your house on a weekly basis; and also supply cut flowers in which means slightly lower prices—for instance, you get 36 of the best varieties, or five dozen smaller ones. Sea Gardens also plant window boxes, charging whatever the plants cost plus a planting fee.

CLIFTON NURSERIES, Clifton Villas, W.9. 9888

Construct, stock and maintain gardens; plans for making and planting depend, obviously, on the size of the garden and the character of the plants, and so does the fee for maintaining a garden. When constructing a garden, clear the site, lay paving stones, install lawns and rockeries and do trellis work. For people who already have a garden and simply want to stock it, Cliftons have greenhouses of seasonal bedding plants, and stocks of plants in the spring. Their culinary bay trees range from 25s. up to large pyramid or columnar trees at £12 10s. with tubs. They sell garden tools, insecticides, fertilisers, green sheds; will lay lawns; and have large stocks of house plants and decorative urns to put them in.

STANCE SPRY, LTD., 64 South Audley Street, W.1. GRO 7201

Supply and maintain window-boxes, and

stock and maintain town gardens; an approximate price for planting a large terrace garden three times a year, and fully maintaining it, would be roughly £90 a year; this includes planting trees, vines and ivies, and keeping tubs and window-boxes in full flower.

FOUR SEASONS FLOWER CLUB, 11 New Quebec Street, W.1. AMB 6611

It costs 10s. 6d. a year to join this club; then for a weekly charge (minimum 5s.) they supply cut flowers every week. Because they can anticipate demand, and because they grow most of their flowers in their own nursery, they provide very good value—two weeks ago, for instance, their 5s. delivery was seven large pink peonies and a bunch of beech.

LONDON CARPET CLEANERS, LTD., Furmace Street, Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, S.W.18. VAN 3316

Have recently started a service that helps to stop the garden coming indoors. They hire out Clean-Tread mats, 54 in. by 30 in., and impregnated with a chemical that attracts dust and dirt. The charge is 6s. 6d. a week per mat, includes weekly cleaning and impregnating, and is reduced if several mats are hired.

THE LONDON WINDOW-BOX COMPANY, 11 New Quebec Street, W.1. AMB 6611

Supply and maintain window-boxes. A sample charge for four plantings a year in a 3-ft. box would average 5s. a week, and they see to it that there is something growing in the box all the year round. This firm also specialises in roof gardens, equipping them with tubs and urns and keeping them stocked.

THE NATIONAL GARDENS SCHEME, 57 Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1

Publish a booklet giving details of when and where other peoples' gardens are open. Included in the scheme are gardens all over the country and in the London area, with details of how to get to them. The scheme is organised by the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, and proceeds go to help retired district nurses. The booklet costs 3s., including postage, from 57 Lower Belgrave Street, or 2s. 6d. from most newsagents.

RASSELL'S, 80 Earls Court Road, W.8. WES 0481

Design London gardens, which they think of as an extra room, and furnish with mature trees and shrubs. They think, rightly, that all London houses are improved by climbing plants, and suggest vines, wistarias, clematis, and albertine roses. Russell's also sell all garden equipment, as well as tubs, urns and window-boxes, and earth at 7s. a bushel or £5 10s. a cubic yard.

RAYMOND HOUSE OF FLOWERS, LTD., 78 York Street, W.1 (AMB 3376) and 6 Palace Street, S.W.1. TAT 0347

Plan gardens and patios and install rock gardens, using different coloured stone from different parts of the country, and fibreglass pools and fountains. A pool with a fountain, including an electric pump, water plants, and installation, costs from £35 upwards. Also specialise in balcony gardens, by fixing specially large window-boxes to the railings and training creepers up trellises. Their smaller window-boxes for window ledges cost approximately 25s. a foot, and they charge 15s. a foot for stocking.

SUTTON & SONS, LTD. of Reading (their London branch is at 69 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD 5785)

Sell a window-box complete with five kitchen herbs and sufficient soil to grow them in. It costs 42s. complete and is particularly useful for eager London cooks without gardens. Suttons also produce a good descriptive booklet on herbs and gift vouchers for 10s. upwards. The Suttons mustard and cress farm, 4s. 6d. complete with plastic tray, cottonwool, seeds and directions, is allegedly for children, but grown-ups find it pretty riveting, too.

TERRACE AND COURTYARD GARDENS FOR MODERN HOMES, by A. D. B. Wood, published by Collingridge at 35s.

A wonderfully comprehensive book for anyone starting, or taking over, a London garden. It has chapters on window-boxes, pots and tubs, pavings and terraces, and lists of plants likely to do well in London conditions.



With no previous acting experience 19-year-old Charley Rampling won a star role in the Boulting Brothers' new comedy *Rotten to the Core*. Charley had spent three months literally singing for her supper with a student guitar quartet in Spain and returned to England determined to find an exciting job. She left some photographs with a theatrical agent, they were seen by the Boultings, she was given a screen test, the part and a 7-year contract. Says John Boulting: "I suspect that potentially she's a very important actress." *Rotten to the Core*, which opens at the Rialto, Coventry Street, on 22 July, also stars Anton Rodgers, Eric Sykes, Ian Bannen and Dudley Sutton, and follows the adventures of a criminal who, influenced by modern thinking and Harold Wilson, tries to drag crime into the age of automation. Charley plays his assistant, a debutante who turns to crime for kicks. She is the youngest daughter of Col. Godfrey Rampling, a 1936 Olympic gold medallist and now Secretary of the Stanmore Golf Club

on plays

John Salt / *Hellion on wheels*

There is sooner or later, I am much afraid, a bright little three-acter to be written about the fortunes and foibles of people engaged in the daily purveyance of radio and television serial soap operas. Let me say at once that **The Killing of Sister George** at the Duke of York's Theatre, though concerned at the outset with similar subject matter, is rather more than a bright little three-acter. It is in fact a brilliant piece of theatre and one of the five best straight plays now running in the West End of London. I say straight play advisedly even though Sister George is billed as a comedy and indeed contains elements of pure farce.

Sister George is played by Beryl Reid and the casting contained a threat. Was this new play merely to be a vehicle for an admittedly accomplished and entertaining North country comedienne? The presence of

Val May as director went some way to mitigate the doubt and the appearance of Sister George herself dispelled it finally. I made a note at once on the back of my programme—the only one I did make as it turned out—and I translate it now with difficulty as "arrival of a violent woman". The phrase was at least descriptive though it rapidly became clear that there was more to George than violence and that concerning her womanliness there existed a certain doubt.

Sister George has returned from a difficult rehearsal at Broadcasting House to her top floor flat in Devonshire Street. Her hair is a mess, she wears a belted white trench coat, she smokes a cigar and she is in a bullying humour which she vents at once on her flat mate, Childie, played by Eileen Atkins. George likes her gin straight, she has obviously had some already and now she takes

a little more for she is a worried woman. Her audience-rating figures are falling and she confides her fear to Childie that the B.B.C. is contemplating murder with Sister George as the victim.

Childie shows a proper horror but expresses her belief that Auntie would never dare. On the face of it Childie would appear to be right for Sister George, the district nurse, has become a folk heroine as the central figure in the story of Applehurst, a long-running saga of country days and country ways. Through these sylvan felicities Sister George rides daily on her moped doing deeds of mercy and singing snatches of popular hymns in a rich Devonian accent. George allows herself to be comforted but the worm of doubt is still there and it becomes a stinging serpent when word reaches her that the director of women's programmes is about to pay a call in Devonshire Street.

What follows for Sister George is a species of reprieve. The lady from Admin., exquisitely played by Lally Bowers in that ladylike guise which conceals the best chilled steel of



Eileen Atkins and Beryl Reid in fancy dress as Laurel & Hardy in The Killing of Sister George at the Duke of York's

which some women are made, has called to administer a reprimand but not the final sentence of death. She implies that some changes are likely to be made at Applehurst. The story line may need a little updating here and there, it has been considered that the introduction of an anti-hero might be more in keeping with the modern image. And so on into the jargon of the '60s until she reaches her main point which concerns the alleged behaviour in private life of Sister George in attempting late at night to enter a taxi which was already occupied by two young nuns. Assault and a certain amount of battery had followed.

Sister George, emboldened by further gin, does not deny the charge but offers the defence that "she thought they were bats, all those skirts and petticoats." Childie is outraged and patently jealous. George slaps her down and at the same time establishes for the benefit of the lady from Admin. whose property Childie is. The Admin lady sheds a further sweetness and light but departs on a faintly minatory note leaving George to brood

on the demise which she now feels to be imminent.

Certainly George has enough to worry about and she further suspects—as does the audience by now—that Childie may leave her in favour of grander accommodation under the protection of the Admin. lady. In alcoholic gloom she sends the girl to fetch her friend Madame Xenia (Margaret Courtenay) from below stairs to read the cards for her. Madame Xenia is not best pleased about this. She doesn't like Childie whom she suspects is developing a liaison with her student lodger, and she does not regard herself as a fortune teller. Her special bent is psychometry, but having accepted an ornament from George and held it for long moments of Slavic concentration she can foretell nothing more encouraging than certain disaster.

It isn't George's day. Childie has become intransigent and admits under pressure that she does indeed fancy Madame Xenia's student lodger. George in sudden righteous anger orders the girl to go and drink the bath water but her heart isn't really in the command. She

goes back morosely to the bottle and life becomes even more sombre for Childie. You can see the girl's point of view. The women have lived together for a good many years but during that time George has always been fun and now she isn't any more. And you can see George's point of view, because people under sentence of death are rarely stimulating company.

The point of the play so far is that none of the people closely involved with George understand her at all. George at work is a meal ticket for Childie who is thus enabled to go and play at learning to be a ballet dancer. George at work to the Admin. lady is merely an actress and a dispensable one at that. She means to kill off the district nurse and take her mistress too. But the mistake they both make is in the assumption that this concatenation of circumstance will break George's heart. Not a bit of it. For George working to George herself, is simply a desirable state of affairs since working actresses get reasonably fed and clothed and resting ones get short commons. Though she

has played Sister George a long time she has never believed in her the way the Admin. lady does, nor as the millions of radio listeners do who send in floral tributes when her death is finally contrived—in a moped accident of course, nicely timed for Road Safety Week.

All that has been worrying George is a perfectly natural anxiety over her immediate professional future. Her radio death provides instant relief and she becomes in a moment her normal bawdy, rantipoling self. While her friends and rivals—the Admin. lady in tasteful black—listen to a recorded repeat of the fatal accident George is out buying a new hat. On her return Childie and the Admin. lady attempt to soften the imagined blow: the girl by pretending that nothing has altered and her new protector by offering George a big new part in a children's serial with a cast of animal characters. The part chosen is perhaps a little unfortunate. The erstwhile Sister George is to become Clarabelle Cow. George refuses with an explosive Moo and imparts also a few home truths concerning her

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childlike flat mate. The girl is 36 and she has a daughter of 18.

The Admin. lady listens with only faintly pursed lips. The information has not affected her resolve in the slightest. She departs with Childie in tow. One feels a little sorry for the girl; she is not going to have it so easy from now on. One feels, almost hopes, that she'll return to George's gin and tantrums before very long. George thinks so too but doesn't really need her because she is herself that rare creature, the complete person, not very intelligent, not very courageous, rather disreputable; but also compact, sufficient to herself and enormously resilient.

Laughs there are in plenty

from Sister George, but wryness too and a sharp eye for the fancies and follies of human kind. The sharp eye belongs to the author, Frank Marcus, whose second play this is. His first, *The Formation Dancers*, will be remembered from the Globe presentation last year after an original production at the Arts Theatre Club. Marcus has a talent to be reckoned with. One of the most notable gifts of the playwright is to be able to reproduce sharp contemporary dialogue and to establish character by using it. Many of our more celebrated younger dramatists have this gift in a marked degree but only a few of them can also go on to construct a play. Marcus is one of that few.

on films

Elspeth Grant / Hardly Harlow

If you remember the Blonde Bombshell, whose platinum name and bra-less bosom first ravished the public eye in *Hell's Angels* in 1930, you're bound to be disappointed by Joseph E. Levine's *Harlow* (X). If you're too young to have seen her—and just about everybody seems to be, these days—you'll wonder why anybody thought it worthwhile to make a film about the gal. In either case, I wouldn't mind betting, you'll find this gaudy and expensive piece of trash a prodigious bore.

What, the advertisements yearningly enquire, was Harlow really like? One thing's certain: she was not in the least like Carroll Baker, who plays her here. Miss Baker has been blonded-up a treat but there was more to Harlow than a hair rinse: she wasn't much of an actress—Miss Baker sportingly makes this very clear—but she had a warmth and vitality that Miss Baker lacks and her sexuality was palpable, even flagrant, which Miss Baker's never is. Miscast her though they may (and do) as a sizzling siren, she's cold.

Irving Shulman's biography of Jean Harlow, on which John Michael Hayes has based his screenplay, is described as "intimate"—and for all I know, not having read it, it may be accurate, too—but the film itself is barely on nodding terms with the facts of Miss Harlow's life and death. Irritatingly it names certain characters by their real names—her agent, Arthur Landau (Red Buttons) and her first husband, Paul Bern (Peter Lawford), for instance—while others are

given pseudonyms: Louis B. Mayer of M.G.M., who made her a star, becomes "Everett Redman" (Martin Balsam) and her most popular and famous male co-star, who must surely have been Clark Gable, is called "Jack Harrison" (Michael Connors).

No mention is made of the films that endeared her to us and nothing is shown of the ones that are supposed to have done: we see the actress in the slapstick bit parts with which her career began but never in a role that could justify her reputation as a sex symbol. Her marriage to Mr. Bern is nauseatingly played up: apparently she entered it as a hungry virgin, found the wretched man was impotent and hysterically demanded an instant divorce—whereupon, distraught, he knocked her about brutally and killed himself to avoid the scandal he foresaw she would create.

Miss Harlow's subsequent two marriages are completely ignored. After Mr. Bern's suicide she takes to the bottle and promiscuous sex in a big way—picking up strangers in dismal bars and even making a drunken pass at her handsome, spendthrift Italian stepfather (Raf Vallone), who's properly outraged. Having ruined her health and her looks at the age of 26, she dies of pneumonia.

Miss Harlow died of something quite different. Her agent, much given to solemn pronouncements such as: "Hollywood's a crap game with loaded dice", claims: "She died of Life"—but it wasn't that, either: it was uremic poisoning, if you must know.

Mr. Balsam gives the only witty performance in this disastrous and misleading film. The scene in which he asks: "Can there be such a thing as good, clean sex?", answers himself in the affirmative and decides to follow up the "family Westerns" and "family comedies" in which he's specialized with "Sex for the Family" is entertaining. Apart from this and a scene in which set decorator James Payne sends up the gimmicky glamour of an old time film star's bedroom, there's no reason to suspect that, given better material, Gordon Douglas might be an interesting director.

Will there never, for goodness' sake, be an end to war films? I suppose not—as long as films like *The Guns of Navarone* and *Von Ryan's Express* (U) continue to more than satisfy the normal chap's desire for the sort of *Boys' Own Paper* adventure in which, day-dreaming, he can identify himself with the hero and become a leader of men. In Mark Robson's thrill packed movie, there are two heroes to choose from: Trevor Howard, a British Major and dedicated professional soldier who, as senior officer of a P. O. W. Camp in Italy, regards it as the bounden duty of every inmate to try to escape—and Frank Sinatra, a U.S. Army Air Corps Colonel named Ryan to whom the survival of as many prisoners as possible is more important, certainly at this late stage in the war.

Ryan, pulling rank on Mr. Howard, than whom nobody can look more contemptu-

ously snarly, takes command of the prisoners. His first move to secure better conditions for them is so high-handed that Mr. Howard dubs him "von Ryan"—but when Mr. Sinatra cooks up the best mass escape scheme anybody's thought of, the Englishman becomes his ally, though reserving the right to kill the American with his own hands if he's responsible for the death of a single man.

The stealing of a train which is to carry them all to Germany, the substitution of P. O. W.s for the German guards and a mild British padre for the Nazi commandant, the re-routing of the north bound train through Milan to Switzerland—a German troop train pursuing and Messerschmitts bombing right up to the Swiss border—could not be more boyishly exciting. That many men (including, believe it or not, Mr. Sinatra) die on the way finally doesn't matter to Mr. Howard: "If one prisoner escapes, it's a victory," is his consoling thought. I could have done with a little less bloodshed—but the film has such pace and gusto, I can see why it will be a smash hit with those who are not so squeamish.

Jerry Lewis, in the title role of *The Disorderly Orderly* (U) grimaces, writhes, mops, mows and crosses his eyes, as usual, and causes more chaos in a sanatorium for mental patients than you'd think the law would allow. Mercifully, he is this time directed by Frank Tashlin—most of whose visual gags are brilliant. Mr. Lewis longs to be loved: maybe he will be by and by, when he stops mugging.



Dave Clark and Barbara Ferris in *Anglo-Amalgamated's* new musical *Catch Us If You Can*, now at the Rialto, Coventry Street. The Dave Clark Five play a team of film stunt men

on books

Oliver Warner / The original thinker

How sad can be the fate of an original thinker in matters concerning war. President de Gaulle was once snubbed by superiors for thinking ahead of his rank, and there is the case of our own military commentator, Captain Liddell Hart, whose **Memoirs: Vol. 1** (Cassell 42s.) have recently appeared. This is a very full book, studded with observations and episodes concerning the great men of the time. The period covered is up to 1937, so that the next instalment, due this autumn, should be even more engrossing, for then it will appear how our enemies made use of theory and ideas that our own staff too often rejected. In the later 1890's the Germans listened to Admiral Mahan, and built a challenging fleet. In the 1930's they read Liddell Hart, with terrible results for us and our Allies. I like best in the present book the author's account of his relations with Lloyd George, but it is a feast for many days' reading.

Dr. E. M. W. Tillyard, who died three years ago, will be remembered with affection by many who read English at Cambridge for his infectious enthusiasm. Students of literature in

his own university and elsewhere long blessed him for the clarity and sanity of his exposition. This is well shown in **Shakespeare's Early Comedies** (Chatto & Windus 25s.) which has been seen through the press by his son. It is not in the least a scrappy posthumous assembly, and it treats *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labours Lost* and *The Merchant of Venice* with insight and persuasion.

Count Gramont at the Court of Charles II, by Anthony Hamilton, is one of those often reprinted books of memoirs that hold their interest. Nicholas Deakin has made a new translation (Barrie & Rockliff 21s.) and though his annotations are sketchy, his text is as lively as the French original. This is the sparkling, or if you are stern, the seamier side of the English Court of the Restoration, one of the oddest glimpses being of Prince Rupert enamoured of a young actress, and for once deserting his chemical experiments for lighter matters. Hamilton is not to be taken as gospel, but he is never less than entertaining about colourful times and

even more colourful people.

Even the butterflies of Charles II's day can't approach the real thing. I seized greedily upon a brand new edition of **Butterflies and Moths**, originally written by Alfred Werner and Josef Bitok a decade ago, and now revised by N. D. Riley (Andre Deutsch 70s.). There are 41 plates in colour of some of the loveliest little creatures in all nature. These plates are printed in Germany, and I give both text and illustrations high marks. This work should enthrall anyone who is attracted by colour, design and sheer surprise effects.

My star work of fiction this week is a book of short stories by Elizabeth Taylor, **A Dedicated Man** (Chatto & Windus 21s.). A good deal of nonsense is printed about the aversion of the reading public to books of short stories. The truth is that good ones are much rarer than good novels. When they appear, they usually win their way. There are 12 in Elizabeth Taylor's new book, and though they are not all her best, none fall below what would in most writers be thought a very high standard. The title story, a gem of the art of deceit, is not, in my view, quite so good as one called *Mice and Birds and Boy*, but certainly *The New Yorker*, where these stories first appeared, has featured an English writer of quality.

Briefly . . . to record an Eng-

lish success at sport is nowadays often worth a book, so comparatively rare is it, and so complex the story behind it. Charles Fortune's **M.C.C. in South Africa 1963-1964** (Robert Hale 18s.) gives details of a tour that heartened cricket lovers last winter. The Tests themselves were not exciting, but some of the lesser games had their moments. . . . **In the Sun** by Jon Godden (Chatto & Windus 21s.) is a psychological novel about a duel between a self-indulgent aunt and a blackmailing nephew, the plot sewn up as neat as they come. There is a Spanish background, and a sweet young heroine who, I am glad to say, is saved from the worst.

Two plays in book form: the first, between hard covers, is Harold Pinter's **The Homecoming** (Methuen 12s. 6d.). John Arden's **Left-Handed Liberty** (Methuen 7s. 6d.) is a paperback, but I note there is also a bound edition at exactly double the price. Arden seems to me to read the better of the two. . . . **A Handelian's Notebook** by William C. Smith (Black 25s.) is both scrappy and specialist, but it is valuable for the account of how the author, over long years at the British Museum, dedicated himself to Handelian scholarship. There are also one or two glimpses of the interior and personalities of the Museum that are intimate and pleasing.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Just blues

While the old and near historic tracks by Big Bill Broonzy continue to be the most popular in the eyes of the purists, one must not overlook the work and influence of men like T-Bone Walker. His guitar playing is exemplary of the electric style guitar work that has made such an indelible impression on pop music of the past two or three years, and his singing in **T-Bone Walker Sings the Blues** (Liberty) is a happy blend of old and new thinking. The rough sounds of the typical rhythm and blues band serve only to enhance the performance.

Chuck Berry, who has paid a number of visits to this country, makes a typical pop/jazz contribution in his album, **Chuck Berry in London** (Chess). His style varies from the popular rhythm and blues to the pseudo-calypto sentimental, with his own guitarist accompaniment strong in solo

and accompaniment roles. A more soul-stirring work is **Burning Hell** (Riverside) by the versatile John Lee Hooker, one of the great exponents of the blues as conceived and sung in the Mississippi delta country. Here the tradition has been handed down by generations, and one can easily trace both vocal and instrumental similarities between his original material and that of other much earlier exponents of the blues. Unfortunately the country blues no longer have the attraction of that strong obvious beat which has made so much city blues material popular to a wider audience on both sides of the Atlantic, but I must emphasize that one album like this is worth ten of the others in pure artistic merit. The dramatic impact of John Lee's message, and his delivery, stand head and shoulders above the run of the mill performers that are heard

on most records today.

Moanin' in the Moonlight (Chess) present the work of Howlin' Wolf, another musician from the Deep South. His rough singing style, curiously contrasting with Hooker's yet rooted in the same country idiom of blues, is interspersed with wailing harmonica passages, and has the added boost of the contemporary rhythm section. In such tracks as **Smokestack Lightnin'** one has the opportunity to compare the two artists in their interpretation of a common theme, and to see where Howlin' Wolf skips the subtle details that are so vital to the great performances of this unique music.

Big Bill Broonzy still remains the closest personal contact of most British fans and collectors with an authentic blues originator. He first came here in 1951, seven years before his death, and I remember with great vividness that electrifying concert he gave at the Kingsway Hall in London. **Trouble in Mind** (Fontana) recalls that brilliant unaccompanied music he sang to us,

using his guitar to punctuate, to underline, and to tell all the stories he had no time to sing to us. **Remembering Big Bill Broonzy** (Mercury) may well have been recorded in London, though the accompaniment suggests otherwise. As the sleeve suggests, there is a "minstrel" quality about Big Bill's singing that is elusive and unusual.

Big Bill & Sonny Boy (RCA Victor) contrasts two closely related artists, Broonzy and Sonny Boy Williamson, whose harmonica playing set a pattern for a host of subsequent artists. His more urban approach still carries Big Bill's influence, and there is the same inflections and phrasing in his voice.

Big City Blues (Fontana) brings John Hammond to the studio, to provide the exception that proves all rules. This is 1965 blues, sung by a white man who makes it all sound so slick and plausible that it makes a mockery of the music I have known and understood, or at least made an attempt to understand, for some years more than this young man has been alive.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Making light of it

Just how different the results can be, when two original artists are preoccupied with the same basic subject, is strikingly stressed by two exhibitions now on in Cork Street, Mayfair. The first exhibition, at the gallery of Roland, Browse & Delbanco, is of new paintings by John Selway. The second, at the Waddington Galleries, is of "imoos" by Bryan Wynter. The basic subject of each is reflected light. The basic difference between them is that whereas Selway (the younger man by more than 20 years) works in a traditional way, translating into colour on canvas visual sensations created by reflected light in nature, Wynter works in reflected light itself to provide the spectator with the means of experiencing the original visual sensation at first hand.

There are here two fundamentally different contemporary attitudes to art or, rather, as to what art is, that are frequently but mistakenly

believed to be mutually exclusive. On the one hand there is the subjective artist inviting us to share his responses to certain phenomena. On the other is the objective artist presenting the phenomena themselves and saying: "Go ahead and have your own responses, not just responses to my responses." But before I begin to make the point sound much more complicated than it really is let me explain what Wynter's "imoos" are and try to describe some of Selway's poetic pictures.

In previous exhibitions, exhibitions of paintings, Wynter long ago showed himself to be interested in forms moving in space, an interest he shared with hundreds of other painters. But now he has moved over to the ranks of the kinetic and optic pioneers and has immediately taken up a leading position. His "imoos" are, in fact, electrically-propelled mobiles moving in front of concave mirrors, the huge sort

used in searchlights. As the coloured cardboard shapes of the mobiles turn, their reflected (and, of course, inverted) images grow in size till an extraordinary optical illusion is produced in which they appear to come towards the spectator and hang momentarily in the space between him and the box containing the whole contraption. Hence the name imoos—images moving out into space.

Wynter, who is 49 and lives in Cornwall, has told how he first began to experiment with a parabolic mirror (that's what he called it) in 1960. Remembering a bit about optics from schooldays at Haileybury he dangled a handkerchief in front of it and "found that with the aid of a light the mirror would project another image of the handkerchief nearby" and that when his kitten came near the mirror "suddenly another kitten would appear by it, upside down, and our kitten would promptly dab at it." From these playful beginnings evolved the first six imoos, which are now at Waddington's and which are to me the most intriguing products of kinetic-cum-op art since the luminous pictures of John Healey.

When I see things like these I am persuaded that the time

will come when the marriage of science and art, at present only mooted but certain one day to be consummated, will put an end to painting as we know it. Then I see pictures that convince me that that can never happen, that the language of paint is capable of an infinite variety, that it can be made to do things that no other medium can do, that it can express feelings and reveal truths that cannot be expressed or revealed in any other way. Such are some of the paintings of John Selway, paintings in which imagination brought to bear on reality reveals to the non-artist a new way of looking at the commonplace that makes it exciting, that heightens his perception and shows the obvious in all things to be only skin deep.

For example, when Selway paints a woman in a coloured dress sitting under a gay umbrella on a sunlit beach these separate entities are no longer separate. They are fused together by the interplay of reflected colours. The air becomes an all pervading vehicle for light that holds the woman, the umbrella, the sea, sky and sand together as if, like colours in the spectrum, their places had been ordained since the beginning of light.

on opera

J. Roger Baker / A statement for today

Among the many extraordinary aspects of Schoenberg's opera *Moses and Aaron* at Covent Garden, perhaps the most striking is that the music itself is so immediately assailable. The very words: "A 12-tone composition" can strike a chill, and preliminary homework on dodecaphony, while clarifying the technical aspect a little, hardly prepares one for the opera's totality in terms of the stage. In fact, too much worrying about serialism can smudge responses to what many regard as a masterpiece of the 20th century.

Barely has the opera been under way for five minutes before it is clear that problems of composition are irrelevant, just as a complete knowledge of the *leitmotif* patterns is irrelevant to appreciation of *The Ring*. The opera deals with the problems of belief. Moses is chosen to convey the concept of God, but he is inarticulate and unable to put the idea across to the Israelites. His brother Aaron has the smooth tongue and can sway the crowd. So Schoenberg has given Moses a sort of half-speech, Aaron a

free, insinuating, lyrical expression. Then the flaw emerges: by making the idea of an invisible God acceptable to the mob, Aaron appears to denigrate the thought. The salesman's tricks he uses (rod into serpent, water into blood) make the concept seem specious. Nor can Aaron hold the people's confidence during Moses' absence and he placates them with the Golden Calf. A terrifying representation of a Godless world is crushed when Moses reappears but the prophet realizes that not only is he incapable of explaining the idea himself, but that Aaron's methods are dubious.

Schoenberg never set the third act to music, though the text exists, and the opera ends with Moses' despairing cry for the word he lacks. It is felt by some commentators that the third act should be included in performance, spoken. But as it now stands the opera is a definitive statement of the crucial 20th century dilemma. In another climate of thought, the third act may be satisfactory, but the answer lies surely in that between finishing the

second act in 1933 and his death in 1951, Schoenberg could not bring himself to set the more acceptable conclusion.

Moses and Aaron is built on an epic scale and makes greater demands on the resources of stage and director than any other opera. Schoenberg's Israelites do not stand in neat rows singing beautiful harmonies; they scream, growl, shout, mutter, howl and stamp. These dynamics of temperament and mood (sometimes several different reactions occur simultaneously) are carefully planned in the score, and it is an almost incredible achievement of the director, Peter Hall, that he has realized this constant movement in visual terms. His handling of the huge chorus (well over 100 including extras) is compelling: these massive scenes are light-years away from both the conventional operatic crowd and the deodorized spectacles of *de Mille*. The now infamous scene of idolatry around the Golden Calf seemed rather long, and less controlled—too many people were left to amuse themselves in corners. But the point was well made: man in his primitive state, with no mental discipline, is a messy and squalid creature.

Mr. Hall brought in two colleagues from the Royal Shake-

speare Theatre; his assistant Guy Wolfenden, and the designer, John Bury, who settled for a stylization of recognizable forms rather than overt realism or the complete abstract. The burning bush and the pillar of fire are gleaming metal sculptures, the calf and a half-built sphinx, complete with ladders and scaffolding are realistic. To a certain degree the sets are non-committal, but they provide a good background for the turbulence, and provide a visual nudge when one is required.

It would be easy to praise the production at the expense of the music—it is, after all, easier to remember a naked virgin than a 12-tone series—but the long and intense work Georg Solti has done with the chorus and orchestra provide the ultimate thrill of the evening. Some of the moments came over with such power—notably the opening words of God (a sextet of soloists in the orchestra pit, eerily overlapped by a sextet of speaking voices), the quiet double fugue with which the second act opens, and the dialogues between Moses and his brother (speech again overlapping a sung line)—that even without the visual aids of Messrs. Hall and Bury, the opera would stand as a potent dramatic work.

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WAY E I

velyn Forbes

For another, every woman visits to a beauty salon. It is a wedding top-to-toe treatment, a special party, an award for a slimming programme accomplished or a consolation of 'flu. But the fact is that you go nearly often enough. The treatment is luxury with a capital 'L'. The rest cure and a cure for an excellent substitute for these things but, for me, the fact it gives a woman a fresh start tips her out of the groove—no, make-up or skin care—of us tend to slip. The treatment by an expert can teach about herself. She'll learn the beauty problems she alone are shared by 50 per cent and that the solutions are the same. She'll be warned that about the eyes will, if not speedily worse. She'll be warned of a facial habit that is creasing both forehead. Experienced before, I have never yet been without learning something

that keeps many women away from salons? Is it that they don't know what happens and what to expect? Or do they feel they are being pressured into buying a treatment they cannot afford? Let them rest at rest. This is what happens at your appointment. When you arrive at the reception desk and give your name, the operator will then arrive to take you to a cosy cubicle where you will change your dress and shoes and get your arm blankets if the weather is cold or if it is hot. Your hair is washed and away from the face and the face is cleansed, examined and treated to its individual need. If you have a top-to-toe treatment, you will have your hair washed and set and your manicure and/or pedicure done while your hair is

per cent of the total bill is for the expert tip, though if the bill is under £10, a 10 per cent tip is more usual. You go to the expert with a "please do this and that with this", or leave it to the expert.

Being pressured into buying a treatment is the truth is that no good salon will give you a list of the products recommended for your treatment. You'll find out about the products used but whether you want to use them or not is strictly your business. Don't worry about it.

Beauty salon treatments
25, Old Bond Street, W.1.
Top-to-toe treatment: body

massage, trim, special shampoo, restyle and set, manicure and facial, 5 gns. (4 hours).
Joy Byrne, 37, Albemarle Street, W.1 (Hyd. 2833). Top-to-toe treatment: this includes shower, full body massage, facial, manicure, pedicure, hair style and make-up. £4 14s. 6d. (3½ hours).
The Beauty Clinic, 118, Baker Street, W.1 (Wel. 3405). Eye and throat treatment, £1 10s. (1½ hours).
Coty, 3, New Bond Street, W.1 (Hyd. 5569). Vitamin treatment for ultra-dry skin. £1 15s. (1½ hours).
Elizabeth Flair Beauty Salon, 303, Finchley Road, N.W.3 (Ham. 6780). Electrolysis treatment: galvanic or diathermy—¼ hour, 15s. 6d.; ½ hour, £1 10s. Course of six ½-hour treatments, £7 10s.
Dorothy Gray, 8, Grosvenor Street, W.1 (May. 3972). Facial Cocktail: cleanse, face pack, make-up, complete with advice on skin care, 15s. Tired eye and throat treatment, £1 10s.
Innoxia, 170, New Bond Street, W.1 (Hyd. 5572). Special treatment for teen-age skin problems and acne. An hour's treatment, including mask and a chart for home treatment costs 30s., or 35s. 6d. with full make-up.
Orlane Salon at Marshall & Snelgrove (Lan. 3000). Cleanse, massage, Vapozone, mask and make-up, 2 guineas (1½ hours).
Helena Rubinstein, 3 Grafton Street, W.1 (Gro. 9050). Steam cabinet bath, electric blanket bath or volcanic therm bath with body massage, from £3 13s. 6d. (1½ hours).
Sylvia Taylor, 110, Baker Street, W.1 (Wel. 0643). Facial treatment, including treatment for special skin conditions, muscle toning, 2 guineas (1 hour).
Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, W.1 (May. 9341). Cleanse, make-up and make-up lesson, 10s. 6d. Full treatment, including mask, 25s.



The outside of the House of Cyclax is very much as it was in 1897 when it was founded by Mrs. Francis Forsythe under the name of Mrs. Francis Hemming. The products were manufactured on the premises for a clientele that numbered several reigning queens. Because in those days no one admitted to any form of beauty treatment or make-up, the clients, heavily veiled, arrived in their broughams and were whisked behind screens, the forerunners of the present cubicles. Cyclax now has world-wide distribution, modern factories and up-to-date beauty products but much of the old magic lingers about this all-English beauty house.

Engagements



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Above: Miss Diana Bannister to Mr. Harvey White: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. M. Bannister, of The Double House, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. A. S. White, of Manor Cottage, Sleepers Hill, Winchester
Top: Miss Sandra Daphne Recordon to Mr. Nicholas Colin Gray: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. W. Recordon, of Riverview, Broughty Ferry, Angus. He is the only son of Rear-Admiral G. T. S. Gray and Mrs. Gray, of Hollies, Stedham, Midhurst, Sussex

GUEDES COUNTRY

By John Oliver

The Guedes family have been making wines for four hundred years; they have become part of the British wine-drinking way of life since 1955, when Rawlings & Sons (London) Ltd. first introduced the now famous Mateus Rosé, whose sales here have increased by 75% in each of the last 10 years.

A tour of the Guedes vineyards is in effect a tour of Central and Northern Portugal—and a delightful reason for making it; if one were necessary. The immense variety of country is in itself worth the visit—an example at the turn of May/June this year was in the roses, which seem to flourish wild everywhere. In some districts they were nearly over; in others just starting to flower. On the highlands above the Douro valley, heather and broom rioted; vineyards were everywhere—from rich hectares for the commercially produced wines to tiny patches cultivated by small farmers.

A rewarding itinerary is one I followed, starting at Penafiel about 15 miles north-east of Oporto, where the Aveleda estate, which has belonged to the Guedes family for several generations, has been developed intensively since 1860. It is there that the Casal Garcia wine is produced; the grapes grown on 10 foot high trellises.

The white, pétillant wine is somewhat similar to Mateus Rosé, but it is slightly dryer and for me preferable. Chilled, it can be drunk as an extremely pleasant aperitif; but as a table wine it would be a happy partner for most foods. Introduced to this country after Mateus Rosé was well established, its attractive flask is rapidly becoming as familiar as that of Mateus. The most up-to-date techniques are used in the production of the wines and it seemed at first an anachronism to see the grapes sprayed by the latest equipment drawn by ox wagons. Yet the simple fact is that they move at just the right speed for the job, which must be done slowly. Even so the introduction of power sprays means that the work is completed in four days instead of a month.

From Aveleda, a short drive takes you to the Douro river and a boat trip down towards Oporto makes a pleasant diversion. Steep, forested hills climb both sides of the river, which twists and turns every few hundred yards. You pass old, wooden lamprey traps and occasionally a group of

the traditionally shaped wine barges, waiting for a favourable tide. To-day these are more picturesque than practical but they still provide a living for their tough crews. If you are as fortunate as I was you may have a small snack on board—fresh sardines grilled on a crude barbecue; percebas (which look like tiny goat's hoofs and taste intensively of the sea); smoked ham; black olives; maize bread and beer.

Disembarking after an hour or so, you can drive towards Oporto and skirt it to climb to the ancient city of Amarante, where the most aristocratic of Western Jews were left unmolested during the persecution of the 16th century.

A mile or so beyond Amarante, the Portuguese government has built the Pousada do São Gonçalo, 3,600 feet up in the Serra do Marão. One of the newest and most beautifully situated it provides a well furnished room and bathroom, with excellent food for less than 30s. a day, full pension. It is worth a visit for the splendid views and the mountain air; and it is on one of the main roads from the Spanish border to Oporto and Lisbon. From Amarante it is an easy run to Vila Real where Mateus Rosé is made in a new plant which incorporates all the latest aids to fine wine-making.

The nearby Palace of Mateus is a delight. Built between 1610 and 1680, its exterior is familiar to those who know the label on the Mateus Rosé flasks. Inside it has many historic objects and an impressive collection of documents, including letters from Wellington. Formal gardens surround the palace, which though large by present standards, is, like so many Portuguese palaces, not vast and well within the compass of the eye from not too distant a viewpoint. It is the home of Don Francisco de Sousa Botelho de Albuquerque, Count of Mangualde, 4th Count of Vila Real and also Count of Mello, whose family built the palace and have always lived there.

To follow my own itinerary, which was expertly planned, the road from Vila Real to Reguia follows the great port wine region with famous (often English) names abounding, and then on to Visieú, capital of the province of Beira Alta. A charming old town, it has many 16th-century buildings; an impressive cathedral and a good art gallery containing several paintings by the 16th-century master, Grão Vasco. It is at Visieú that the third of the Guedes wines is made—the Grão Vasco—from grapes grown in the Dao region of Central Portugal. The red and white wines are aged in the wood for four years before bottling and have a distinctive bouquet and flavour. They are getting known here and deserve attention since they are outstanding value at about 10s. a bottle.

Returning to Oporto through more lovely and varied country (possibly breaking the journey at the splendid hotel at Bussaco, which was once a Royal residence), completes a tour which started in the Vinho Verde country, ended in the Dao region and took in Vila Real and the Palace of Mateus; or wine-wise from Casal Garcia to Mateus Rosé to Grão Vasco.

Below: Central façade of the 17th-century granite and white stucco Palace of Mateus. It is in the centre of the plateau, where the grapes for Mateus Rosé wine are grown.

Bottom: Half a mile away from the Palace is the large modern winery for producing Mateus Rosé. Here girls wrap the flasks of wine ready for export.

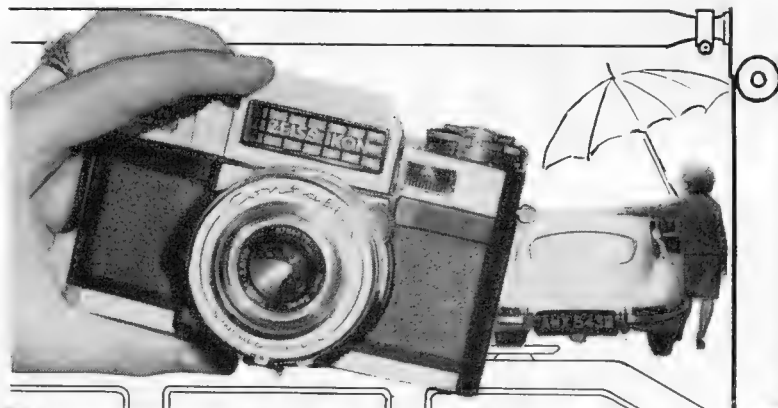
Opposite page, top: Manuel, Fernando and Roberto Guedes in the vineyards of their home at Aveleda in Northern Portugal. Don Fernando is head of the family firm which produces Mateus Rosé, Casal Garcia and the Dao wine, Grão Vasco San Pedro.

Centre: The plateau of Vila Real and the Mateus Rosé vineyards.

Centre, below: The house at Aveleda. Surrounding it are the trellised vineyards growing the grapes for Casal Garcia.

Bottom: Wine casks at Aveleda.





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MOTORING

FORD MUSTANG FASTBACK



PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS NEWCOMBE

A mustang, says my dictionary, is a wild or half-wild horse of Mexico and California, or, alternatively, a small red Texas grape. The Ford Mustang on which I have just covered several hundred very happy miles resembled the grape in one respect only—it was red—but any likeness to the horse had been tamed out in Detroit.

Not that it was lacking in spirit. With 225 b.h.p. under the bonnet, an incautious dab on the accelerator pedal was liable to produce something of a bucking bronco effect if the road surface happened to be wet or loose. But experience once gained, and the foot kept suitably light, taking off from standstill could be not only thrilling but inexpensive in terms of tyres and fuel.

The choice is the driver's, however, for the Mustang has been built to appeal to American sporting motorists, and its success across the Atlantic has been phenomenal—so much so that it is available here only with left hand drive and in limited quantities (the importers are Lincoln Cars Ltd., Great West Road, Brentwood, Middlesex). It is typical of the American car in its dimensions—just over 15 feet long and a few

inches under six feet wide—also in the generously roomy front seats. These are separated by a high transmission hump and so they cannot be used for three people abreast.

The rear seats on the model I tried were less ambitious, and in fact both legroom and lateral support were in short enough supply to make a long journey in them a little daunting. The steeply sloped back window, which I had imagined would soon become dirtied by rain and mud, kept itself surprisingly clean, probably by the slipstream, but a snowstorm might be a different matter.

I should mention that the model I tested was the Fastback 2+2; the Hardtop is less curvaceous and has roomier rear seats, but is less sporty in general appearance. There is also a Convertible which resembles the Hardtop and can have power operation for the roof as an optional extra. Choice is given of engine and gearbox; six cylinders and 200 cubic inches (3,277 c.c.) or eight cylinders (in V) and 289 cu. in. (4,736 c.c.), and three or four speed manual change or automatic transmission. Prices in the U.K. thus vary over a wide range; the least expensive

Mustang, with six-cylinder engine, in Hardtop form, is £1,837, and at the other end of the scale the eight cylinder Convertible is £2,099. The Fastback 2+2 costs £2,081, and mine had £329 worth of extras including radio, disc front brakes, electric clock and rev. counter, plus a few other items in what is called a "Rally Pack," also reversing lights; and I had the four-speed gearbox.

Frankly, with such engine power under the bonnet only two of the gears came in for much use, and I would have liked the top ratio to be more of an overdrive (the Americans do not seem to have cottoned on to this yet). As a result, the engine appeared to be revving itself unduly hard when the speed mounted to three figures—I found 120 m.p.h. quite easy when road conditions allowed—but I must nevertheless say that a surprisingly high cruising speed was maintained without seeming to press too hard on the accelerator.

Just as well for fuel consumption, too, since petrol could disappear with decided rapidity through the four-choke carburettor and one had to keep a light foot to get anything bet-

ter than 18 m.p.g.—14 was nearer the touring average, and premium at that, since the engine has a 10 to 1 compression ratio. No doubt the six cylinder engine would have given greater economy, but if one wants fullest performance it has got to be paid for: I felt that the tank capacity needed enlarging, as 12½ gallons meant refuelling at less than 200 mile intervals.

Though styling and fitness for the Mustang's purpose as a fast GT machine comes closer to European thinking than almost any other American car, it must be admitted that handling still owes more to Detroit than anywhere else. The ride is outstandingly smooth, and travel is quiet and restful, but there is a good deal of roll to be felt on corners and the feeling is very much that of a heavy car on bends, even though cornering power is actually quite high, while the low-geared steering is a trifle irksome.

Interior decor is perhaps a thought garish by European standards, but there can be no doubt about the efficiency of the heating and ventilating system, and of the boot's capacity for luggage in spite of it also housing the spare wheel.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Raw deal

To those who want to gather new dishes when abroad, I suggest they carry a notebook to jot down the names and ingredients of those they find interesting. Back home, they can look them up in cookery books or write to people like me. Generally, when given the name of a dish and the main ingredients, or at least a clue to them, the recipe can be traced. What is confusing, however, is that a dish you may have enjoyed in one place will be slightly or even completely different in another, though appearing under the same name. Last week on a working gastronomical and wine-tasting visit to the Côte de Rhone, I met up with SALADE NICOISE and CRUDITES at several places and they were very different in each. I have also had Salade Niçoise at many different restaurants along the Mediterranean, from Marseilles to Monte Carlo, and again it varied very much.

French chefs themselves, in their published works, interpret the dish in different ways.

Escoffier, for instance, in his *Guide to Modern Cookery*, gives a terse recipe (an indication, rather): "Take equal quantities of French beans, potato dice and quartered tomatoes. Decorate with capers, stoned small olives and anchovy fillets. Season with oil and vinegar."

Pellaprat, on the other hand, gives: "Green beans, tomatoes peeled and cut in dice, slices of new potatoes, all recovered with oil and vinegar. Add much chervil." No mention of anchovies, capers or olives. And no chervil in Escoffier's recipe. In *Traditional Recipes of the Provinces of France* (W. H. Allen, 63s.), Curnonsky gives a much fuller recipe: For 6 servings, the ingredients are 6 fresh tomatoes, olive oil, wine vinegar, 2 crushed cloves of garlic, chopped parsley, capers or gherkins, 1 onion, anchovy fillets, black olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup broad beans, 2 potatoes, salt and pepper. Slice the tomatoes, removing the seeds and liquid. Season liberally with olive oil, wine vinegar, salt and pepper,

crushed garlic, chopped parsley, capers or gherkins and a few slices of raw onion. Add anchovy fillets, small black olives and, if available, small fresh broad beans. Boiled and sliced cold potatoes may be added.

In *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* (Cassell, 50s.), the three authors, Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle and Julia Child, go even further and include chunks of canned salmon, hard-boiled eggs and lettuce. Of the three different types of Salade Niçoise I had on this recent trip, two were excellent and one—almost a purée of fish, tomatoes and a few thin strips of French beans—was almost uneatable. The Salades Niçoise I enjoyed included a large piece of canned tunny fish, black olives, green beans, sliced tomatoes (not even peeled) and anchovies. Instead of lettuce, the base of each was curly endive. The anchovies one meets everywhere in Provence are taken from brine. I prefer anchovy fillets in oil, well drained, of course. I think that most other people would also. Sauce Vinaigrette was the dressing in each case.

Then there were CRUDITES, which explain themselves. It was during the war that we first met these raw salads, advocated by the Ministry of Food for health's sake. They

were good to eat and good for us, as finely shredded raw carrots, raw cabbages (both green and red) and raw turnips, especially swedes, retained their precious vitamins which were so easily diluted or even destroyed by cooking, particularly overcooking.


Always, no matter what time of the year I have been in France, I have found these *crudités* served as hors d'oeuvre mainly on individual plates. They included shredded carrots and heart of green cabbage, shredded raw beetroot or diced cooked beetroot and celeriac, blanched but still raw. This last is cut into the finest strips and immediately dressed with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. In some *crudités*, I found chopped mixed herbs. Each item is coated separately with its own dressing—mainly sauce vinaigrette but, in the case of celeriac, diluted mayonnaise. In some of these salads—for the most part, four main vegetables—I found capers. In others, thinly sliced cucumber and, in one instance, both green and black olives.

Accompanying these *crudités* were country *pâtés*, reminiscent of our own mixed meat loaves. One special one was made of three meats—beef, pork and veal—chopped, well seasoned and teamed in a round tin.

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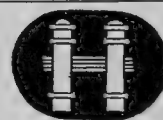
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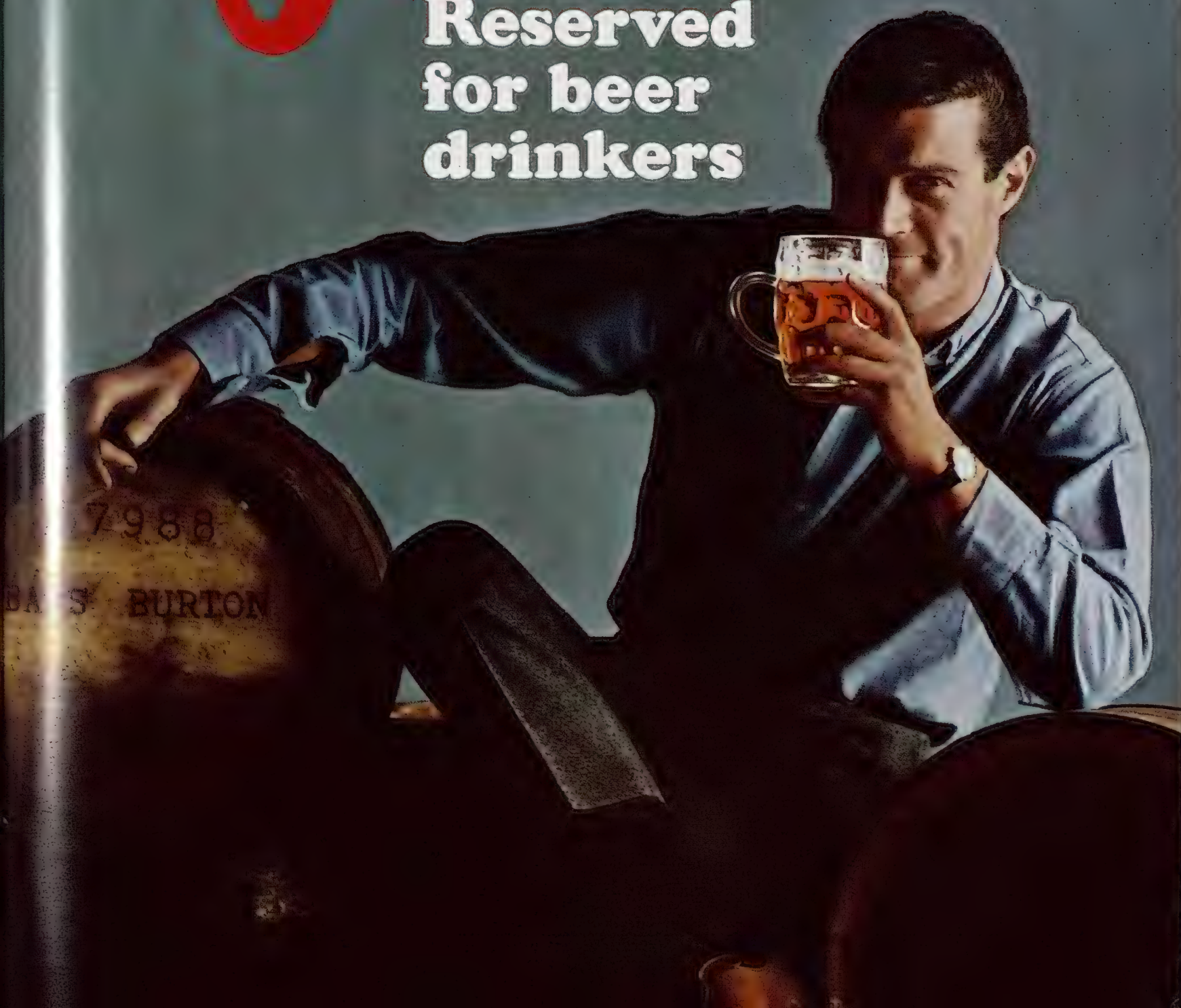
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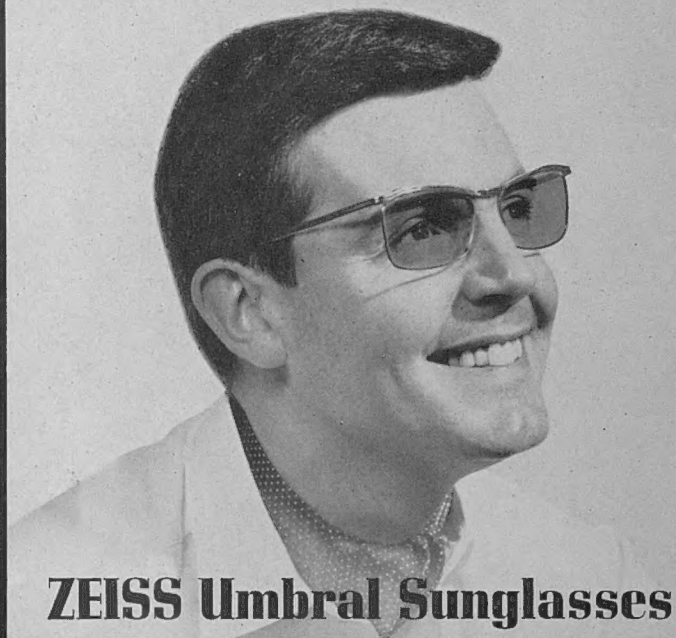
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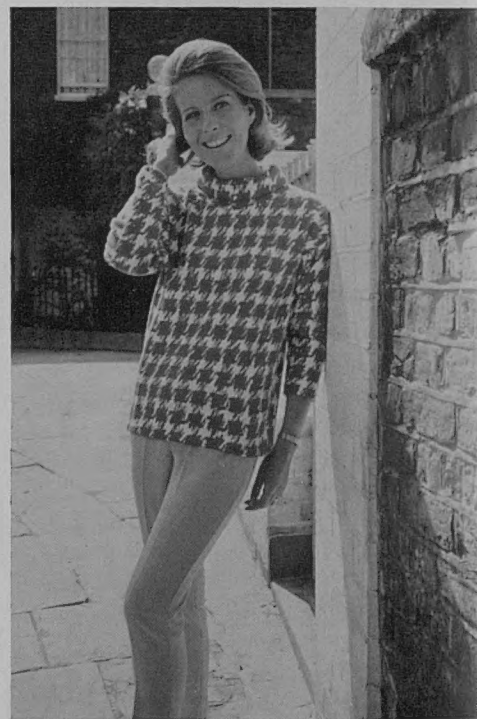
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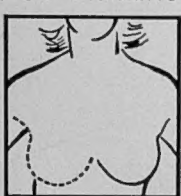
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